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One Halfpenny.

THE KING RIDING OUT TO SHOOT WITH LORD LONDESBOROUGH.



During the past week the King has been the guest of Lord Londesborough at his beautiful country house in Yorkshire. During his visit his Majesty has enjoyed some excellent shooting in the well-stocked preserves. The picture shows King Edward and his host riding out for a day's sport. His Majesty returned to town on Saturday.

"PROSPEROUS RUSSIA": HOW THE TSAR IS DECEIVED.



Peasants being presented to the Tsar and Tsaritsa. When the Little Father, in taking a journey, stops at any station, the police select the healthiest and cleanest peasants, supply them with good clothes, and present them to the Tsar. The Tsar is thus deceived into the belief that the whole countryside is prosperous, which current events are proving fallacious.

ADMIRAL BIRILEFF,



Who is reported to have been blown up on board the *Kniaz Potemkin*, together with his ship, whilst inspecting her. The *Kniaz Potemkin* has already been the scene of two desperate mutinies.

ORGY OF BLOODSHED IN RUSSIA.

Rioters Shot Down Without
Mercy in Odessa.

COSSACKS STAND FIRM

Open a Murderous Fire on Revolu-
tionary Mobs.

DISORDERS EVERYWHERE

Officials and Soldiers Showing Open
Sympathy with the People.

The disorders in Russia are going from bad to worse. The situation has more the look of serious revolution than even in the darkest days of last January.

The Tsar is said to have made plans for flight if the worst comes; there is talk, too, of German troops coming to his assistance should the revolutionaries in Poland get out of hand.

Trepoff's order of "No blank cartridges" has not been tested in St. Petersburg; there has so far been no opportunity. But in the provinces yesterday produced some terrible scenes of bloodshed. In Poland, in Reval, and elsewhere crowds have been fired on and people killed, but the worst carnage has occurred at Odessa. Russia's chief Black Sea port, where the great riots occurred last July. The fighting is still going on, but already a large number of people have been shot down at the barricades.

Cossacks were employed, for the other soldiers cannot be trusted, and these semi-savage troops are the real hope of the Tsardom. Indeed, the most astonishing thing about the present disorders is the extent to which the revolutionary spirit has seized both the military and civil officials. A St. Petersburg telegram to the Paris "Temps," for example, says:—

"The officials of the different Ministries have joined the strike movement. They even attended a meeting in uniform, and were greeted by the gathering with cries of 'Long live the revolution! Down with the aristocracy!'"

"Count Witte has been forced to abandon all hope of forming a Liberal Ministry, for not a single member of the Reform Party has consented to take office in it. If the Tsar persists in a policy of repression, the task would be rendered all the more difficult by the fact that he can no longer count on the fidelity of the army. In short," says the correspondent, "judging by appearances the present crisis will result in a victory for the people."

Even Trepoff admits the extreme gravity of the situation. In answer to a telegram of inquiry from the Publishers' Association of New York, he has cabled:—"The position is dangerous. All preventive arrangements have been made."

ODESSA.

FIERCE FIGHTING.

ODESSA, Sunday Night.—Firing has now begun. Crowds of workmen, headed by students, in the course of the afternoon seized the tramcars and proceeded to erect barricades at the street corners, filling the cars with benches. Cossacks are now firing upon the barricades.

One student, three workmen, and a girl have just been killed, and eighteen wounded have been brought into the temporary hospitals organised in the chemists' shops.

At a mass meeting held last night two officers and four soldiers in the name of their regiments asked the workmen not to fire upon the troops, promising in return that they would shoot in the air when called upon to quell disturbances. Cossacks are the only troops which, so far, have fired upon the crowd.—Reuter's Special Service.

The staffs of the local newspapers and all the local banks and banking-houses, all municipal employees, and all students have gone on strike. The city is, therefore, practically cut off from communication with the rest of Russia. Correspondence can only be carried on by telegraph.—Reuter.

REVAL (Baltic).

MOB FIGHTS POLICE.

REVAL, Saturday.—During the night there were several collisions with the police and troops. Eight persons are stated to have been killed and forty wounded in the encounters.

Crowds, armed with rifles and revolvers, prevented the fire brigade from extinguishing a fire

at the theatre, which has proved to be due to an act of incendiarism.

The gasworks here have been damaged and the public thoroughfares are in darkness. Crowds of workmen are parading the streets, shouting and letting off revolvers.—Reuter.

WARSAW.

KILLED AND WOUNDED.

WARSAW, Sunday Evening.—An encounter between workmen and Cossacks has taken place near Pabianice. One workman was killed and twenty-eight wounded.—Reuter.

WARSAW, Saturday.—This morning the men employed on the suburban steam tramcars went on strike. The telephone service is controlled by a battalion of sappers. The newspapers have not appeared to-day.

Thirty thousand infantry and 5,000 cavalry with ninety-eight guns are in readiness to repress disturbances.

It is reported that the revolutionary leaders have distributed thousands of revolvers among the strikers.

The Governor will to-day proclaim full martial law. A regiment of the Grodno Hussars refused to disperse a crowd.

Eight girl students have arrived here from St. Petersburg in order to carry on a political propaganda.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG.

CITY IN DARKNESS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—Parts of the city are again plunged into darkness, owing to the failure of the electric light supply. The Nevski Prospekt is lit by a searchlight from the Ministry of Marine, while some of the other streets of the city are lit up by fires.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—Crowds have been dispersed in an orderly manner.

A fresh ukase has been published regarding public meetings, which considerably restricts the existing rights. Open-air meetings are forbidden.—Reuter.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.—The university and all the higher educational establishments have been closed by order of the Minister for Education.

The revolutionists are well armed, and have in their possession a large quantity of bombs, which they will not hesitate to use on the slightest provocation.

The chemists and druggists joined the strikers, and at one time only six apothecaries were working.—Reuter.

MOSCOW.

STARTING A NEW REGIME.

MOSCOW, Saturday.—At a meeting of delegates of different political parties here it was decided to unite in the establishment of a Government and to act independently of the Imperial authorities.—Reuter.

MOSCOW, Saturday.—The town was in darkness last night, there being no gas or electric light. Banks, shops, restaurants, and theatres are shut. No business was done on the Bourse to-day.

There have been several encounters with the police, in which many persons have been wounded.—Reuter.

KIEFF.

COSSACKS REFUSE TO FIRE.

KIEFF, Sunday.—Several Cossacks who refused to fire on the crowd during the recent disturbances have been arrested. The chemists and doctors have resumed their occupations, as it is recognised that the sick and wounded cannot be left helpless. Ambulance parties have been organised in the streets to render aid to the wounded.—Reuter.

OTHER CENTRES.

STRIKES SPREADING.

From Libau, Kronstadt, and Homel come reports of school strikes.

At Tiflis (Caucasus) a general strike is expected to be declared.

At Saratoff the mob has caused work to be stopped at a number of industrial establishments.

At Kharkoff martial law has been proclaimed.

At Irkutsk the employees of the Trans-Baikal Railway have gone out on strike.

ADMIRAL AND SHIP BLOWN UP.

PARIS, Sunday.—The "Echo de Paris" publishes this morning, under reserve, a dispatch from its St. Petersburg correspondent stating that it is reported that the Kniaz Potemkin was blown up while Admiral Bireff was making an inspection, and that the Admiral and the majority of the crew were killed.—Exchange.

MUTINY ON A WARSHIP.

BRIST, Saturday.—The crew of the Russian cruiser *Georg Edinburgski*, which is anchored in the harbour here, have mutinied.

LORD ROSEBERY'S SYMPATHY.

Kind Inquiries After Young Woman
Injured by Motor-Car.

To his great grief Lord Rosebery was informed last night that there was little hope of saving the life of Fannie Brown, the young factory-girl who was knocked down by his motor-car on Friday night.

There were many anxious inquiries yesterday at University Hospital, where she is lying. Several telegrams of anxious inquiry came from Lord Rosebery, in Scotland, as to the poor girl's condition, and during the day the Hon. Mrs. Rothschild drove up and sent a message of sympathy.

It was as the girl was crossing Euston-road that she was knocked down by the car, in which Lord Rosebery was on his way to the station to catch the Scottish express. She was immediately taken to University Hospital, where it was found that, though no bones were broken, she was suffering from very serious internal injuries.

At first there seemed some slight hope of recovery, but, after an operation had been performed, her condition became worse.

The nurse of Ward 4, in which Fannie Brown is a patient, shook her head gravely last night. "I am afraid," she said, "there is very little chance. We can only do our best, and go on hoping."

Plans are now well advanced for Lord Rosebery's forthcoming visit to West Cornwall. He will visit St. Ives on November 22; Penryn and Falmouth, where he will receive the Freedom of the borough, the next day; Truro, for the purpose of attending a great Liberal demonstration, on November 24; and Bodmin on November 25.

THE KING'S WEEK-END.

After His Stay in Yorkshire, His Majesty to
Set Out on a Motor-Car Trip.

Londoners rejoiced, when the King arrived on Saturday afternoon, to see his Majesty had greatly benefited by his stay with Lord Londesborough in Yorkshire.

Amid hearty cheers his Majesty drove in a brougham to Buckingham Palace, where he spent yesterday.

The King will leave by motor-car for Bishop's Hall, Essex, the residence of Colonel Lockwood, M.P., this morning. When he passes on to Newmarket his motor-car will traverse Epping Forest.

His Majesty had a narrow escape while pheasant shooting in Londesborough Park, a brake containing the loaders for the party being overturned as it turned aside to allow the motor-car containing the King to pass. The brake fell clear of the motor-car, however, and no one was injured.

Queen Alexandra, with Princess Victoria, went to Sandringham on Saturday, a large crowd witnessing her departure from St. Pancras.

PRINCESS VICTORIA'S COLD.

Improvement in the Condition of Several
Distinguished Invalids.

Princess Victoria was absent from Divide service at Sandringham Church yesterday, owing to a slight cold.

Sir Trevor Chichele Plowden slightly rallied after a fair night, and the improvement in the condition of the Archbishop of York was continued.

Lord Brampton, after passing a better night, became weaker yesterday.

Lord Currie passed a restless night.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A jackal has been killed in a drawing-room at Cawnpore.

Mr. Roosevelt has accepted the presidency of the American Committee of the Olympic Games to be held at Athens next April.

A man shot himself last night at the residence of Mr. Lionel Monckton, the well-known composer and musical critic, in Bloomsbury.

Mme. Humbert has addressed to the French Minister of the Interior a demand for conditional liberation on the ground of ill-health.

The Renown, with the Prince and Princess of Wales on board, sailed at noon yesterday from Suez, H.M. cruiser *Terrible* accompanying her.

The "Echo de Paris" learns that the negotiations in connection with the proposed Alpine tunnel through the Faucille are approaching a conclusion, and that the company will undertake to defray the cost of the work under a guarantee from France.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Gusty south-westerly and westerly winds; changeable; occasional rain, then fair, temperately becoming cooler.

Lighting-up time: 5.35 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.

SCANDALS A BLESSING.

Leading American Bishop Welcomes
the Assurance Disclosures.

"BOOM" TO FOLLOW.

Are not sensational assurance scandals, after all, blessings in disguise to the whole of American commerce?

Bishop Potter, of New York, the most prominent cleric in the United States, suggested this question yesterday in an interview with the *Daily Mirror*.

"When our clothes are dirty in the American commercial field we wash them. Do you do so much in England?" said the Bishop, discussing the recent startling disclosures of corrupt practices among American company directors.

"So far from considering the insurance scandals a blow to our commerce," he continued, "I consider them of the greatest benefit."

"As soon as we discovered that something was wrong in the insurance situation we started on a general house-cleaning, and our investigating committees will not stop until the commercial situation in the United States is free from rotteness."

COMMERCIAL ATMOSPHERE CLEARED.

"Wherever great masses of capital are accumulated rapidly, as they have been in New York, a periodical upheaval of the kind we are having now is necessary to clear the commercial atmosphere."

"The idea that all the commerce of the United States has been undermined by the recent scandals is grotesque."

"We are finding the faults in our commercial system now, and as soon as we have remedied them America's commerce will make tremendous strides."

"There have been cries of general financial ruin resulting from the present upheavals, but the financiers who are really familiar with the situation are more confident than ever of the future of all financial enterprises in America."

Bishop Potter is on terms of intimacy with the leaders of American commerce, and is an undoubted authority upon the present situation. He is about to leave London for Egypt, where he will spend the winter.

SPANISH CRUISER WRECKED.

Splendid Vessel Strikes a Rock in a Fog—
Many Lives Lost.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—The Spanish navy has lost the fine armoured cruiser *Cardenal Cisneros*, which on Saturday morning in a fog struck a rock off Muros, on the Galician coast, and may become a total wreck.

Most of the officers and crew were rescued with difficulty (says the "New York Herald" Paris edition), but it is feared a number of lives have been lost.

The news was immediately sent to King Alfonso, who left Guadalajara for Madrid at once.

The cruiser was one of 7,000 tons, 15,000 horsepower, and twenty knots speed.

MME. MERELLI IN COURT.

Gallay's Companion Briskly Retorts to
Magistrate's Question.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—Mme. Merelli, the beautiful young woman who accompanied Gallay, the absconding bank clerk, on his adventurous flight in a yacht, was brought up before the examining magistrate yesterday.

Fashionably dressed in blue velvet, with a big hat and fur box, she was in good spirits, and declared on oath that she knew nothing of Gallay's affairs or antecedents.

"Why," asked the magistrate, "did you go to such a place as Bahia?"

"Oh," replied Mme. Merelli, "why do you go to Ostend or Switzerland?"

After further questioning she was remanded.

AMBASSADOR'S WIFE ROBBED.

The Duke of Arcos, the new Spanish Ambassador at Rome, has complained to the police that, during the journey between Pisa and Genoa, the Duchess was robbed of her jewellery, valued at nearly £1,000.—Exchange.

SULTAN'S WATCHMAKER SHOT AT.

While riding in Fer, an English watchmaker was shot at and slightly wounded by a mounted Sherref.

The Sultan has ordered the culprit's arrest, for the watchmaker was employed at the Court. The Sherref, however, says an Exchange telegram, is in hiding.

DEARER BREAKFAST TABLE.

Trust Threatens the Consumer with a Rise in Provisions.

BACON TO RISE.

The pocket of the British consumer is threatened by yet another American trust. A powerful combination has been formed for the purpose of obtaining control of the British provision trade and regulating the price of bacon.

Leading Liverpool provision merchants are discussing how best to protect themselves, and inquiries in London on Saturday showed that the principal dealers in the City are fully aware of the alarmist possibilities of the situation.

The hostile combination consists of the famous packing-houses of Armour and Co., Swift and Co., and the T. Morris Beef Company, and its object is to prohibit the sale of American produce to British dealers.

Having done this the London offices of these firms will attempt to force prices up.

Will It Succeed?

That there is some prospect of success in this design goes without saying. It is unlikely that such a combination of shrewd business talent would enter on a policy that would not give them a good financial return.

The only question is: How long could the combination hold the British trade at its mercy? Fortunately, England is not solely dependent on the United States either for bacon, beef, or poultry.

In the first nine months of this year we received bacon from abroad as follows:—

United States	2,108,335
Denmark	1,341,332
Canada	947,286
Other countries	63,614

Our imports of poultry amounted to:—

United States	2,937,745
Denmark	226,619
Other countries	153,233

"There is little doubt," said the manager of a leading London provision firm on Saturday, "that the combination, with its reputed enormous capital, could at any time temporarily raise prices. Bacon would go up 2d., perhaps 1d. a pound, and pork, beef, and other articles would follow suit. But I do not believe it would score the sweeping victory of completely ousting the British merchant from the business, which is its desire.

"Its action would certainly cause a rise of prices, but this would be followed by a bigger trade with Denmark and Canada."

Canada's Chance.

One of the principal Canadian importers told the *Daily Mirror* that the combination is simply taking advantage of Canada's present inability to export more than about 1,500,000wt. of bacon a year.

"But with every month Canada's capacity increases largely. In 1903 Canada only supplied Britain with about 500,000wt. of bacon; in 1904 the quantity was 700,000wt.; but in the first nine months of this year she sent us 947,286wt."

"Already Canadian packers are looking for a greatly increased demand, and it is not unlikely that the combination would soon find itself confronted with the alternatives of either reducing prices or losing the trade."

Meanwhile, it is probable that for a time the British consumer's breakfast food will cost him more.

LOVE'S "SACRED" CRIMES.

Beautiful Widow Pays with Her Life for Rejecting Impassioned Suitor.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—"I have called to ask for the hand of your daughter," said a young man named Milhot, rushing into the house of Mme. Masson, of 30, Rue Gramme-aux-Belles. "But, you know," replied the mother, "my daughter refuses to have anything to do with you. Here she comes, and can speak for herself."

The daughter, a handsome young widow of twenty-three, entered. "No," she said, "I don't wish to marry you."

Milhot then drew out a six-shooter and shot the widow dead. On being arrested he said: "I was madly in love with her, and I came fully determined to shoot her dead if she refused to marry me. Love is a slave to no law, and crimes committed in love's name are sacred."

MARRIED MEN PREFERRED.

Being of opinion that more reliance could be placed on married men with families than on others, the *Bangor Guardian* on Saturday gave the post of collector of poor-rates to a man with a family of six.

SKATING AT PRINCE'S.

Black the Smart Wear for the Ice This Winter Season.

Skating began on Saturday, not on the Park lakes, but at Prince's Skating Rink, Knightsbridge.

It was a brilliant scene. From the opening hour onward the ice was crowded by members and their friends. There are over a thousand names on the membership-roll, Princess Henry of Pleß being among the recruits. The rink has been newly-decorated with mural paintings of scenes in Egypt, the sunny colouring of which gives a touch of warmth, relieving the chill impression of the icy surface for the skaters.

It was amusing at first to note the faltering steps and frequent falls during the first half-hour, but afterwards people found their feet, and the five o'clock interval for walking found the best skaters in their usual form, Mr. Grenander and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Syers coming in for much attention.

The amount of black worn was noticeable. Not more than half a dozen women were in coloured dresses, and the white skating dresses, once so fashionable, have quite gone out of fashion, as have also the coloured petticoats under dark skirts. Black velvet is the smart wear for skating this winter, with a small coloured hat or toque and no colour elsewhere. Dresses are being worn somewhat longer and very plain, though some of the black silk frocks were much trimmed. People have at last realised that black looks better on the ice than anything else, and it will be satisfactorily a "black" season at Prince's.

The morning and early afternoon are the fashionable hours for skating, although some people come in after five for walking alone. Lady Helen Vincent and the Duchess of Bedford are always early visitors, the latter often skating before breakfast when she has the risk attached to herself.

MAULED BY A LION.

Mr. Bostock Narrowly Escapes with His Life from the Claws of an Untamable Beast.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—Mr. Bostock, the manager proprietor, who was seriously mauled by his untamable lion Wallace at the Hippodrome, is expected to recover. The severe bite on the back,



MR. BOSTOCK.

however, has caused some anxiety, the beast's teeth having penetrated to the spine.

Wallace has always preserved his native ferocity, and three men have already fallen victims to his rage. When Mr. Bostock entered his cage the terrible lion leaped on him, threw him to the ground, tore his clothes to shreds, and inflicted most serious bites on his body.

By a supreme effort the trainer got to his feet and rushed out of the cage, falling unconscious as soon as he was out of danger.

GIRL PANTHER-SLAYER.

Indian Sportswoman of Sixteen Rolls Over an Exceptionally Fierce Maraudeur.

Keen sportswomen as the average English girl is, very few would be equal to shooting a panther at the age of sixteen.

This unusual piece of fortune has happened to Miss Edwards, daughter of the district engineer of Michala, India.

A predator of an exceptionally evil reputation had killed impregnable sheep and calves in the district, and Mr. and Miss Edwards started on the track. Miss Edwards had separated from her father when to her astonishment she found the brute directly in her path only a few yards away.

With excellent nerve, she fired, and luckily shot true. The panther leaped into the air and rolled over dead.

The Duke of Connaught will visit Poplar next Saturday to open the new Scamler's Rest in the East India Dock-road.

"CYCLOPEDE" WOMEN.

Hobby-Horse of 100 Years Ago To Be Revived.

COMING FASHION.

The latest fashion in cycling is a "cyclopede" for ladies. This singular machine will be on view at the forthcoming Stanley Show, and is expected to prove highly popular.

This takes us back to the days of the Regency, when the "first gentlemen of Europe" blantly squandered millions at Brighton, and his friends amongst themselves by "hobby-housing" along the front.

The "cyclopede," indeed, is exactly the old "hobby-horse" with improvements. True, it is fitted with pneumatic tyres, springs, and ball-bearings, and is a feather-weight compared with the hideous combination of wood and iron on which our great-grandfathers disported. But the main "hobby-horse" features are retained.

There are no pedals, the machine being propelled either by thrusting the feet against the ground, or by "pant-poleing" with a walking-stick or alpenstock. The seat is very low, so that the most clumsy rider can hardly fall off, and, of course, barely any instruction is required. You can get up quite a fair speed on the machine—ten miles an hour being about the limit.

More Healthy Exercise.

But who, it may be asked, would care to use a cyclopede when ordinary bicycles are faster and less trouble? One idea is that the new machine will give more vigorous and healthy exercise than the ordinary bicycle affords. Another is that elderly ladies may be attracted by its absolute safety. Besides, the price—four guineas—is very low.

Men's "cyclopedes" are already on the market, and those in use are said to be a success. The lady's machine is on exactly the same principle, except that the frame is lower, to obviate the skirt difficulty.

The first lady's machine has been built to the order of a distinguished customer, and in a generation which worships health and is always looking for some new form of exercise it has a chance of becoming quite a rage. The chief obstacle is ridicule. Ladies have the art of looking graceful under most unpromising circumstances, but ten miles an hour on a cyclopede will be rather a severe test of this faculty.

GHOSTLY CASUAL.

Weird Apparition That, Reduced to Pauperism, Patronises Irish Workhouse.

Superstitious papers will be inclined to give a wide berth to the casual ward of Clones Workhouse, near Belfast.

One of the inmates, Philip Johnston, reports that the other night, when he was the only occupant of the ward, he saw in the semi-darkness the form of a man cross the floor stealthily and noiselessly.

The figure calmly proceeded to one of the beds, pulled down the clothes, and retired to rest.

Johnston was too terrified to give the alarm, and at last fell into a sleep. When he awoke the mysterious stranger had disappeared, but, before doing so, he had apparently made his bed, which was a model of tidiness.

Whether the story will gain general credence remains to be seen, but if it serves to keep casuals from flooding the Clones establishment ratenayers in the district will be thankful to that ghost.

IMITATING THE "FRISCO KID."

Killed Scot with Blacking Box and Brushes Astonishes Parisians.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—W. Martin, a Glasgow youth, caused a considerable sensation in the Rue du Temple yesterday.

He was attired in Highland kilts, with sporran, and carried a blacking-box and brushes. A crowd collected, and one who knew English spoke to him.

"I have come to Paris to polish the boots of the most distinguished citizens," he said.

He was taken to a police station, but was released after giving a satisfactory explanation of his affairs.

EARL'S HEIR WEDDED.

Viccount Brackley, eldest son of the Earl of Ellesmere, was married to Miss Violet Lambton, eldest daughter of the Hon. F. W. Lambton, M.P., and niece of the Earl of Durham, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Saturday.

Mr. Alexander Fitzroy St. Clair Esdaile, son of the late Lord Roslyn, was married at the Maidenhead Registry Office on Saturday to Winifred Cross, widow of Peebles Court, Holyport, Maidenhead.

"FEMININE WOMEN."

Lady Verney Says Mixed Classes in Schools Make Girls "Tomboys."

"Tomboys," "if nothing worse," are being made in large numbers in England to-day, lamented Lady Verney, of the Buckinghamshire Education Committee, at a conference held by the Association of Head Mistresses in London on Saturday. She thought this was due to the indiscriminate mingling of boys and girls in one class.

This led, in one class of society, to a sort of girl rowdiness in the streets; in other classes it made the person who motored, yachted, betted, and did nearly everything but be a feminine woman. She deplored that the old-fashioned pride of womanhood in Britain, the charming femininity of woman, was dying out.

Another speaker on the same subject revealed that girls have a modest estimate of their abilities. One portion of girls in mixed classes, she said, competed beyond their normal reach against boys, while the other portion sank into the apathy of thinking themselves intellectual inferior.

'MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION.'

Mr. G. B. Shaw's Play Too "Shocking" for the Taste of New England.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Saturday.—Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," has been stopped by the police.

It was scheduled for production at the Garrick Theatre, New York, and was given a trial performance at New Haven (Connecticut). The dialogue, however, was described by the papers as the "most shocking ever heard on the New Haven stage," and "impossible to be tolerated by self-respecting people." So a further performance was stopped.

Mrs. Warren's profession is a business partnership with an old rook, who asks for her daughter's hand, and provides the mother with capital to promote her more than doubtful enterprises.

SIR H. IRVING'S "LIFE"

Great Actor's Two Sons Considering the Question of Collaborating on a Biography.

The biography of Sir H. Irving is likely to be written by his two sons, Messrs. H. B. and Laurence Irving.

Mr. H. B. Irving on Saturday told the *Daily Mirror* that he and his brother were considering the prospect.

"I know that my father would have wished it," he said, "but there is such a mass of material to be gone through, and so many people to be consulted with first, that, tied as we are by the chains of our profession, it may prove beyond our powers. But you may rest assured we shall do so if we find it possible."

STAGE MISHAPS.

Accident to Miss Eva Moore Causes a Dangerous Theatre Property To Be Abandoned.

A slight change has had to be made in the performance of "Lights Out" at the Waldorf Theatre.

Hitherto, when Mr. Charles Fulton shoots the heroine (Miss Eva Moore) in the last act, he has used an ordinary blank cartridge with powder and wad. On Saturday he used merely a percussion cap and no powder.

The change has been brought about by an unfortunate accident to Miss Moore on Thursday night. The wad which keeps the powder in place struck her on the hip, causing it to bleed slightly.

Mrs. Clement Scott has also met with a slight accident in "The Diamond Express" at Shepherd's Bush Empire, and it is doubtful if she will be able to save the express for some nights to come.

SAVOY PARROT DIES.

Miss Plato Succumbs to the Effects of a Compulsory Bath.

There is sorrow at the Savoy Theatre. Miss Plato, the accomplished parrot who acted so intelligently in "What the Butler Saw," is dead.

She died of cramp in the stomach, brought on by a washing. Miss Plato had one fault—she would never wash, and when sprinkled with water would sink for a week, and almost refuse to play her part.

Her white plumage had grown almost black when the desperate experiment of tubbing her was taken. The subsequent chill was too much for the parrot's constitution.

SPECTATOR TO THE RESCUE.

Mr. Charles Poole, a spectator of aquatic sports at the Wandsworth Baths, plunged in and saved a girl competitor who got into difficulties. The rescue was hailed with loud cheering.

TRAGEDY OF RURAL LOVE.

Murdered Girl's Body Sought for
with Matches.

ACCUSED LEADS THE WAY.

Frequent tiffs between lovers have terminated in a shocking tragedy at the pretty little hamlet of Lent Rise, between Maidenhead and Burnham.

In a dark corner of the garden in the rear of the Pheasant, a typical country inn, a number of people, searching with lighted matches, found on Saturday night the body of Lillian Annie Baker, a domestic servant of twenty, the sweetheart of Henry Taylor, son of the landlord of the inn.

Taylor, who suffers from lameness, owing to a withered limb, had been courting the girl for about four years, and they were engaged to be married.

He has been a well-conducted young fellow on the whole, but a little fond of alehouses, having been convicted at the last petty sessions for leaving his horse and cart unattended outside an inn. It was this failing that led to tiffs between the couple.

"I've Done It."

Only a few days ago, it is stated, the girl told her mother, after a quarrel, that she did not think she could marry Taylor, unless he should change his habits.

She then joined him at Burnham on Saturday evening, and they returned to the village together, apparently on the best of terms. At nine o'clock she entered the Pheasant with two empty bottles and a message from her father, ex-Detective Baker, of the Metropolitan police.

Her sweetheart joined her, and they left the bar-parlour together, apparently on the best of terms.

Quickly, however, a deadly tragedy was enacted. At half-past nine Taylor re-entered the bar-parlour unsteadily. He looked dazed, and exclaimed to the company: "I've done it; I've done it; I've done for Annie."

Although it was seen that his hand was scratched, the thought of a tragedy was so far from the minds of those present that no particular attention was paid to his utterance, the general impression being that he was joking.

Search in the Dark.

"When, however, he handed his watch and chain to his brother-in-law with the remark, 'I shan't want them again,' it dawned on the stupefied company that he was in earnest.

Horror-stricken they made for the garden. It was in complete darkness, and it was only by the light of matches, after a hurried search, that they came upon the body of Miss Baker near a dust-heap.

There was no sign of any struggle, but there were black finger-marks on her throat, which seemed to indicate that she had been strangled.

The body was gently lifted and borne into the house, and a doctor and the police were sent for.

Taylor is said to have told his relatives that the girl asked him to do it. Sergeant Heath conveyed him to Bournemouth.

It was not until two o'clock in the morning that Mr. and Mrs. Baker learnt of the tragic end of their child, having retired to rest under the impression that she was staying at the inn.

REVENGE BY VITRIOL.

Young Somerset House Clerk Committed on
Grave Accusation.

There was very little further disclosed at Bow-street on Saturday, when Ignatius Hugh Gervaise, Inland Revenue clerk, was committed for trial on a charge of doing grievous bodily harm at Somerset House to one of his fellow-clerks.

At Saturday's hearing evidence was given showing that Gervaise made recent purchases of cyanide of potassium and sulphuric acid from a chemist in the Ball's Pond-road, and that some stains found on his clothing shortly after the occurrence were quite fresh and caused by vitriol.

The magistrate said that he should request the prison doctor to examine Gervaise as to the state of his mind.

MRS. SEDDON REPRIEVED.

At last the Home Secretary has reprieved Mrs. Marian Seddon, condemned to death for consenting to commit suicide with her husband.

The authorities point out that it is usual in such cases to commute the sentence to penal servitude for life, but, after a short interval, the Secretary of State will be prepared to consider the question of releasing the woman on licence.

LIVING ON SIXPENCE A WEEK.

The wife of a Walthamstow printer told the Stratford magistrates on Saturday that one day her husband gave her 6d. upon which to keep him, herself, and three children for a week.

CIRCUS FOR SALE.

Tame Lion, Talking Horse, and Match-
less Piebalds To Be Separated.

If anyone wants to buy a lion that can be used as a nursery pet he cannot do better than visit East Finchley to-morrow, and attend the sale at which "Lord" George Sanger's circus is to be divided into lots and sold by auction.

Its qualities are best described in an advertisement which appears in the "Exp." and which refers to the animal as follows:—

THE BEAUTIFUL LION (GEORGE)

that daily takes part in procession on the top of the car.

"The lion shall lie down with the lamb, and wicked men forsake their evil ways."

Has been trained and produced by one person only, and that person is

LORD GEORGE SANGER.

This effective Tableau can be given into the hands of a perfect stranger, with every regard to safety.

Every person entering the sale-ground will be charged sixpence, but for this sum they will be able to see the last of the famous circus, over which, to quote the advertisement again, "Lord" George Sanger has reigned beloved and respected by the public and profession for fifty-four years.

They will witness the sale of "the splendid stud of variegated colour—the matchless teams of piebalds, skewbalds—and the boxing, wrestling, and talking horse."

"In seventy-eight, and I'm going to rest now," said "Lord" George Sanger when asked why he was retiring. "I want to go to St. Petersburg, for one thing, and try my tongue at Russian."

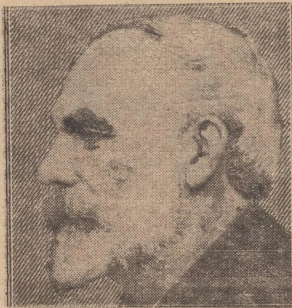
"When I said good-bye to my people a fortnight ago, the ringmaster, the band, the clowns, the property men, the acrobats, and the advance agents and everybody, formed round me and sang 'Auld Lang Syne.' Half of 'em were crying, and I nearly burst into tears myself. It is hard to part from a circus that you have lived with for all those years."

LABOUR M.P.'s RETURN.

Heated Contest on a Liner Between a "Tobacco
King" and Mr. John Burns.

One of the most interesting incidents of the voyage of the Campana from New York to Liverpool, the *Daily Mirror* learned on the arrival of the liner on Saturday, was a heated debate on free trade in the smoke-room between Mr. John Burns, M.P., and Mr. T. Callaher, the "tobacco king."

Mr. Callaher told the *Daily Mirror* that there would be an advance in the price of the British



Mr. JOHN BURNS.

workman's favourite tobaccos, Irish roll, cavendish, and twist, owing to the shortage in the dark Kentucky section of the tobacco-growing area.

Mr. John Burns received an enthusiastic welcome from his supporters on arriving at his home in the midst of his Battersea constituency on Saturday night.

FOUR CREWS SAVED.

Story of Lifeboat Hero Who Was Introduced
to the King.

Over 170 lives have been saved by the Scarborough lifeboat during the time John Owston, who has had the honour of being introduced to the King during his Majesty's visit north, has been its coxswain.

One of his most interesting experiences, he proudly told his Majesty, was taking the late Duke of Clarence out in his gable.

The Royal Humane Society's medal, which attracted his Majesty's attention, was awarded him for saving the crews of four vessels in one night.

Mr. Cyril Cobb (Moderate) has been returned at the top of the poll to fill the Fulham vacancy on the London County Council—a Moderate gain.

POISON MYSTERY.

Girl with Enough Cyanide To Kill
Eight Horses.

MOTHER'S STRANGE DEATH

Further investigations will be made into a remarkable poisoning affair which came under the notice of Mr. Schroeder, who, on Saturday, at Islington, opened an inquest on the body of Louisa Hutchins, sixty-nine, a widow, of 16, Rochefort-street, New North-road.

Laura Morris, a married daughter, said another daughter, named Elizabeth, came home in an excited state, and told them that she had been discharged from her situation.

This news greatly upset Mrs. Hutchins, because she herself was doing very little work, and Elizabeth's wages were nearly needed to meet household expenses.

Some time afterwards the mother was discovered lying dead, and her daughter Elizabeth had to be fetched from a public-house.

To her neighbours her death was a mystery, for she did not appear ill, nor had she been heard to threaten her life.

Death Due to Poisoning.

Dr. Henry Johnson said that death had taken place two hours before his arrival. The daughter Elizabeth came into the room, and she asked her if she knew that her mother was dead.

She replied that her mother died at nine o'clock. Her mother had been suffering from heart disease for years.

He formed the opinion then that Elizabeth was either suffering from intoxication or was mentally affected. Therefore, he had the body removed to another room. The post-mortem disclosed no disease to account for death, the girl was evidently due to prussic acid or cyanide of potassium, and it was evident that a large dose had been taken.

The coroner's officer who went to the house saw the daughter Elizabeth holding a glass containing some liquid.

He asked her what the glass contained, when she replied that it was "nothing" to him, but said afterwards that it was cyanide of potassium. She wanted it for cleaning spoons.

Used It in Her Work.

He took the glass from her, and then noticed that there was a small bottle and a pint bottle containing cyanide of potassium.

The daughter told him that there was enough in the glass to kill eight horses, and that she quite understood the poison for she used it in her work.

The daughter being in a very excited condition, he had her conveyed to the police-station. Afterwards she was removed to the workhouse as she appeared to be mentally affected.

The coroner said that the case had assumed a serious aspect, and it would be necessary to see if the daughter Elizabeth could attend at the adjourned inquest to give evidence. At present there was nothing to show that the deceased was likely to have taken her own life, and, again, the only person known to possess cyanide of potassium was the daughter.

The inquiry was adjourned.

WOFUL ITALIAN DANCERS.

Thirty Men and Women Engaged for a Ballet
Destitute in London.

Mr. Fenwick on Saturday received, first in Bow-street Court and then in his private room, a very strange deputation.

It comprised thirty Italian men and women, who said they had been brought over from Italy to take part in a ballet which failed, had received no salary for a fortnight, and were now destitute.

The magistrate sent a sergeant to see the agent by whom these people had been brought over. That gentleman replied that he had lost £5,000 by the ballet, and, although he admitted that money was owing to the wanderers, he was quite unable to pay.

Five summonses were granted, the other applicants were told to go to the county court, and the absolutely destitute were referred to the relieving officer.

MURDERER AND VICTIM BURIED.

There were pathetic scenes at the graveside on Saturday when, at Branden, Mary Feeling, victim of the roadside murder, was buried.

Mourners and the officiating clergymen were overcome with grief. Later in the afternoon the remains of the murderer, Arthur George Jewell, were buried about 200 yards away.

GENERAL WORKS AS GASMAN.

One of the most famous veterans of the Paris Commune, General Bergeret, has died in New York in poverty.

He repeatedly refused offers of assistance, and for twelve years worked in a gas factory.

TELL-TALE STRAW.

Quaint Method of "Labelling" Wife-
Beaters in the Midlands.

Quaint customs still survive in the shires, and one of these was brought to the notice of the Divorce Court on Saturday, when James Stewart, a collier of Basford, Nottingham, failed to secure his petition as against his wife.

Mrs. Stewart, in defence, alleged certain acts of cruelty against her spouse. Black eyes, kicks, assaults with boot and bottle—all these figured in the catalogue of her husband's misdoings.

"Did not someone on one occasion tie some straw on your door-handle?" asked counsel.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What does that mean?" It means that a man has been thrashing his wife.

The husband loved his plan for a divorce on the assertion that, after he had separated from her, she had carried on relations with Hugh Skirre, a collier's manager.

In January last he, in consequence of what had been told him, went to the house where his wife lived and there, he alleged, found Skirre with her under suspicious circumstances.

After the wife had the co-respondent had been called—both of them emphatically denied the husband's charges—the president said he was satisfied that misconduct had not been proved, and he dismissed the petition.

"PIRATES" IN CAPTIVITY.

Seized by the Police with 12,000 Copies of
Music and 50,500 Lottery Circulars.

The London police descended on Saturday evening upon a sister's shop at Finchley.

There they found printing operations going on, and seized a large number of plates, 12,000 copies of printed music, and 50,500 lottery circulars, many in envelopes addressed to various people in different parts of the country.

The circulars related to the "Great Hauling Money Lottery," guaranteed and conducted by the Government. The chief prize was £20,000.

In connection with the affair John William Paddford, fifty, of Milton House, East End-road, East Finchley, and Henry Downes, of East Finchley, were remanded at Highgate on Saturday.

"It is strange at a quiet and law-abiding a camel," lamented Paddford when arrested. "It's not had as bad as they do on the Stock Exchange every day."

MR. S. J. SUMMERS DEAD.

Sudden Demise of the Brilliant Young Editor
of "Answers."

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we announce the death of Mr. Somers J. Summers, editor of "Answers," which occurred on Saturday night after an illness of less than twenty-four hours.

Mr. Summers succumbed to a sudden attack of pleurisy and double pneumonia.

For more than twelve years Mr. Summers had been connected with the publications controlled by the Amalgamated Press, of which he was a director. He was formerly editor of the "London Magazine," to which he contributed brilliant articles.

Mr. Summers leaves a widow and a little boy. He was only thirty-one years old.

HANGMAN'S POST VACANT.

Billington, Junior, Succumbs To Dropsy After
a Brief Tenure of His Grim Office.

Billington, the hangman, a son of the preceding hangman, has just died at Coppenhall, near Chorley, in Lancashire.

For some time he had been dangerously ill with dropsy, to which he succumbed at the early age of thirty. By trade he was a barber.

The most famous criminal Billington hanged was Douglas, the Most Farm murderer, and he also executed Edwards, who murdered the Darby family. When returning to the north after executing Edwards he fell from an express train, and was found dazed on the line.

He alleged he had been assaulted and thrown out, but the mystery was never solved.

There are always shoals of applications for this gruesome position whenever a vacancy occurs.

"LION-TAMER" PREYS ON BAKERS.

Giving a warning against a very "glib-tongued" fellow said to be victimising shopkeepers, a co-respondent of the "Baker and Confectioner" states that he claims to have been a Post-poner in Post-poner's menagerie.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Wilkinson, of The Grange, Dacre, Buxton, Nidderdale, yesterday celebrated their golden wedding. For over sixty years Mr. Wilkinson has sung in the same choir.

NEW ZEALANDERS AT LEICESTER.

Midland Counties Put Up a Good
Fight Against the "All Blacks."

FOOTBALL REVIEWED.

SPECIAL BY "CITIZEN."

There can be no doubt that the hardest fight the all-conquering New Zealanders have yet had to wage in this country was at Leicester on Saturday, when they beat the Midland Counties by 21 points to 5. There is an especial interest in the five points scored by their opponents, as it represents the first goal scored from a try against the "All Blacks."

It was urged that the Colonials exhibited signs of staleness in their play, but that was hardly so. They have a big reserve to fall back upon, and a matter of thirteen matches should not have unduly taxed the resources of the victors.

Personally, I think that they found a team in better training to meet them. Rugby men, and particularly English Rugby men, are notoriously easy-going at the start of a season, and I fancy that the Midland team had tried to a man to get thoroughly fit.

They were not so frequently hustled in defence, but their own efforts at combination were very poor, and at least three tries should have fallen to the Englishmen. But chances were missed and did not recur, and so yet another victory was added to the long list which our visitors have won on English soil.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD.

There were upwards of 20,000 enthusiastic spectators on the splendid Leicester ground. It was noticeable that Percy Atkins, after acting the part of a "winger," for a time, was drafted into the three-quarter line. Somehow or other our men do not get on with the new formation, and one wonders whether the New Zealanders would not be quite as successful if they adopted our tactics. Meanwhile we are all waiting for the internationals. Will the wonderful team of athletes representing New Zealand prove as irresistible in these encounters as they have in club and county matches?

League games proved very interesting on Saturday, and some big attendances were attracted to various matches. Fulham, the only undefeated side in the three big tournaments, entertained Southampton, and there was a delightful game at Craven Cottage. It quite looked as though Fulham were to lose their certificate, as it was only in the closing stages of the game that Morrison headed through and equalised a goal scored by Mouncher for the Saints in the first half.

The result leaves Luton and Fulham at the top of the table, with thirteen points each for nine matches, but they are relatively worse off than both Southampton and the Spurs, who have each scored twelve points for eight matches, and are in a better position. It is pleasing to congratulate Luton on their fine position, for with only moderate support and finances, the Bedfordshire club's executive have got together the best side that has ever represented the club. They drew at Swindon on Saturday.

ENGLISH LEAGUE MATCHES.

Sheffield Wednesday strengthened their position as leaders of the League championship by beating Notts County by 3 to 1, and away, with seventeen points to their credit, they hold a lead of three points over Aston Villa and Derby County. But Derby have played two fewer matches than the Wednesday, and if they can retain their present form they will prove a rare stumbling-block to the aspirations of the winners in 1902-3 and 1903-4.

Southend at last won a game, and are now bracketed last but one on the table with Bolton Wanderers. Bury have yet to win a game, and share with Gainsborough Trinity the unenviable notoriety of a record of defeats and drawn games in all their matches. Woolwich Arsenal were beaten again, but as Temperley, Sharp, and Coleman were absenters from their side they did well to run Birmingham to a goal.

The best performance of the day in the "Second League" was accomplished by Bristol City, who went to Lincoln and won by 3 to 0. Such a feat as this looks like earning them the promotion they have striven after for so many seasons. They have a match in hand of the Manchester United, who have scored an equal number of points.

In Rugby games the London Scottish met with their first defeat of the season, the Blackheath forwards proving too good for the Scots, in spite of the fact that Rogers played as a "winger" in view of the match with New Zealand. The score of ten points to five hardly represents Blackheath's undoubted superiority. The Cantabs played very poorly against the Old Leysians, and were beaten by twenty-seven points to nil. Oxford, on the other hand, after being behind at thirteen points to three at half-time, gained a brilliant victory over Old Merchant Taylors by eighteen points to thirteen.

Both "Varsity Soccer" sides were in town, Cambridge defeating Clifton at Upton by three goals to two, and Oxford making a fine draw off with the Casuals at Tufnell Park, after being four goals down. Some fine football was witnessed in both matches, and both Dark and Light Blues seem to be a bit above the average.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, on Saturday opened the Girls' High School at Stockton-on-Tees, which has been erected in memory of Queen Victoria.

In St. Saviour's Cathedral on Saturday were consecrated the Suffragan Bishops of Woolwich and Kingston, who will officiate in the new diocese of Southwark.

In view of the excessively high rates, Camberwell ratepayers have appealed to the Metropolitan Asylums Board to avoid strenuously all expenditure which is not absolutely imperative.

Bishop Fenton, representing Archbishop Bourne, who is in Sicily, unveiled the great picture of the Crucifixion by the Vatican official artist, Signor Freguelli, in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Moorfields, yesterday.

It was stated on Saturday by the Deputy-Mayor at Dover that the Royal Marine Depot is to be removed to Dover, and Walmer will become a more important military centre for other branches of the Army than it is now.

An alarming fire which broke out on Saturday night at the Carville sub-station, near Newcastle, whence the power for the electric railway from Newcastle to Tynemouth is derived, caused the current to be cut off, all traffic being dislocated.

At a conference representative of nearly thirty thousand miners, held in Manchester on Saturday, resolutions passed by mass meetings at Lancashire collieries against accepting the reduction of 24 per cent. in wages asked for by the Federated Coal-owners were duly confirmed.

Lord Alwyne Compton, M.P., was fined £5 at West London on Saturday for driving a motor-car at a speed exceeding twenty miles an hour along Kensington-road.

There were no fewer than 650 entries for the sea angling festival which opened under favourable auspices at Hastings on Saturday.

The Hon. Elizabeth Maule, of Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, who died worth £23,766, left her maid £600 and an annuity of £200, and £100 to her butler.

At the South-Western Court on Saturday a constable whose trousers had been torn by a ferocious dog was ordered to pay for the repairs out of his wages.

After an interview with Mr. Jesse Collings in Birmingham regarding the suspensions at the Sparkbrook Factory, the gunmakers have decided to send a deputation to the War Office.

An extraordinary accident led to serious interruption of the tramway service in Southwark. The wheel of a mail van sank through the glass roof of an underground building and stuck fast.

The anniversary performance of "The Walls of Jericho" will take place at the Shaftesbury Theatre to-morrow evening, and on Saturday next Mr. Alfred Sutro's wonderfully successful play will be presented for the 400th time.

A Godalming football club has passed a self-denying resolution binding its members not to request a subscription from any member of Parliament or candidate for parliamentary honours, "for fear of causing them embarrassment."

WOMEN LEADERS TO VISIT THE PREMIER.



Reading from left to right (front row): Mrs. Cordorey, Mrs. Crooke, Mrs. Deppard; back row (left to right): Miss Kemp, Mrs. Munro, Mrs. Montefiore, Mrs. Wilson. These ladies spoke at the mass meeting of the women of the unemployed at Millwall.

Earl de la Warr has declined to be nominated for the mayoralty of Bexhill.

To her coachman, Mrs. Emily Agnes Lyne, of Oak Lea, Frimley, Surrey, left £1,000 and "all her live animals."

Mr. William Oglewaite, of Castle Hills Farm, Berrick, a well-known Border agriculturist, has died from the effects of a kick on the head from his horse.

Because he failed to submit his licence for endorsement, James Wallace, a Leeds motorist, convicted last August, was fined 20s. at Chesterfield, on Saturday.

During the ten years ended September 30 last the Middlesex County Council have destroyed 12,294 stray dogs. Another 870, which had been seized, were claimed by their owners.

When the Dickey (Cheshire) Co-operative Envelope shop was opened early in the morning an envelope containing £4 in gold, and labelled "Conscience money," was found on the floor.

Viscount Selby, late Speaker of the House of Commons, will address a meeting at Hampstead Town Hall on Wednesday in connection with the proposed establishment of a university college school at Hampstead.

In dedicating the addition to St. Saviour's Church, at Swindon, on Saturday, the Bishop of Bristol stated that he himself took part in the engagement, removing his coat and doing spade work, despite his seventy years.

So many burglaries have taken place near Oaklands Park, Surrey, that Mr. F. M. Frimmes has written to the chief constable of the county asking him to replace the constables who have been withdrawn from their ordinary duties to set traps for motorists.

Coal-mining operations have wrecked the fabric of the Straits Church, near Sedgley (Staffordshire), and it has had to be closed.

A new Millais statue, the work of Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., is shortly to be unveiled in the grounds of the Tate Gallery, of Modern British Art.

At to-morrow's meeting the London County Council will consider a proposal to discontinue the Thames steamboat service from November to March.

Markere are being caught in enormous quantities in Swansea Bay, while a single one of the docks has been discovered a bed of mussels three acres in extent.

Thirty-eight cardboard discs, the size of a penny, were found in the possession of three little boys bound over at Clerkenwell on a charge of robbing automatic sweetmeat machines.

Lord Methuen announces his readiness to provide money for the training grant to Brigadier-General of cavalry in the Eastern command for approved schemes of reconnaissance, which they are invited to submit.

After seven months of married life, Samuel Williams was bound over at Evesham on Saturday on a charge of assaulting his wife. All the trouble, it was said, arose over two cats which the husband refused to get rid of.

A romantic wedding has been celebrated at Scarva, Co. Down, the happy pair being a Dundalk veterinary surgeon and a young English lady, who accidentally met only a few days ago at the house of the deputy-lieutenant of the county. It was "love at first sight," and the deputy-lieutenant drove the bridegroom to church.

HOME RAILS RALLY.

Small Investor at the Back of the
Movement.

KAFFIRS—IMPROVE.

CAPET TOWN, Saturday.—Better news from the Stock Exchange to-day. The bankers were charging less onerous terms, and it looks as though the money scare has been a little overdone. Of course, a lot of it is simply due to preparations for the Russian loan, and now that the latter is postponed definitely we are beginning to realise this fact.

Then again, the Russian news did not disturb the markets so much. Some read it more favourably. Others said that, anyway, Sunday would see the worst of the demonstrations, and we might then expect some recovery. Moreover, the Continent has never pressed any sales during this period of gloom, and as investors are waking to the Home Railway traffic and dividend-prospects there is a good sustaining influence on the Stock Exchange itself.

It was very significant how easily Home Rails rallied. There was a little nervous selling at first, and the dealers tried to make the best of most of it. They got Great Northern Deferred, Brighton "A," and one or two recent favourites down a bit, but presently the market rebounded smartly, and it was bad for any "bears" that got in the way.

STIFF MONEY RATE.

The truth is that the small investor is at the back of the movement, and sees chances here. So actually, in spite of the political and money situation, several Home Rails were up on the day, including Great Western, Midland Deferred, and Great Northern Deferred and some other stocks. Consols, of course, were "silly." This was only natural, because to-day is the carry-over day and a stiff rate is expected, though some people think that even this is overdone. Still, Consols close 88 1-16.

Another market that rebounded was the American section. Those who hoped to suppress it were soon undeceived, and it picked up rapidly and closed quite firm. The same applies to Canadian Rails, where a good monthly traffic statement is expected on Monday next.

FOREIGN MARKETS FIRM.

There was also a little attempt to put down some of the Foreign Rails, but here again it was of no use. The markets were never bad, and on the least encouragement prices were rallied. Once more it was the Cuban Railway section that seemed to show most strength.

In the Foreign market the resistance was equally satisfactory, and, indeed, explained the change for the better in most other sections. True, they tried to mark Russians down further at 89½, but as a whole there was no "give" in the markets at the slightly lower level, and prices were disposed to recover.

Naturally the change for the better was reflected in Miscellaneous securities. Those likely to benefit from improving trade, like shipping shares and others, have, in fact, been wonderfully firm throughout the gloom of the last few days. They proved no exception to-day.

MEXICAN GROUP BETTER.

Canadian land shares were perhaps as dull as anything, but even here there was nothing to complain about.

In Mines, as in everything else, there was on the whole a better tendency. For one thing, there was no failure, and differences seem to have been met in one or two doubtful quarters. So Kaffirs were inclined to pick up, and other gambling sections, such as the Mexican group of mines, rallied with them.

Of course, there was not much business with it all. They generally made quite a good tale with which to conclude the week. Yesterday evening certainly did not seem to promise much of a rally to-day.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

Inventors' Strange Devices To Remedy the
Imperfections of the Open Grate.

The problem of how to remedy the defects of the open grate—which makes England a shivering nation eight months of the year—seems a difficult one to solve.

The Government, as announced in the course of the articles in the *Daily Mirror* on the subject, is holding a test of open grates in the new Government buildings in Parliament-street. But some of the designs are far too bewilderingly complicated to be of much use in a private house. One, for instance, has revolving firebricks to get rid of the ashes automatically. Another is fed with coal by a patent pipe.

In regard to a third the instructions to light the fire take 500 words. Another inventor plants an open fire in a kind of basin in the middle of the room, the smoke to be carried off in a special kind of pipe.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the Daily Mirror are—
12, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, OCTOBER 30 1905.

THROWING MONEY AWAY.

A NUMBER of sermons were preached yesterday—"Citizen Sunday"—about the duties of citizenship. A good many of the preachers seemed to think the chief of these duties is contained in the injunction, "Pay up and look pleasant." Some of us would have liked to hear a little about the rights of citizenship, too: prominent among which is the right to insist that our hard-earned rates shall not be wasted.

Now it is nothing more or less than waste to continue running the L.C.C. Thames steamboats during the cold weather. People simply will not use them. It is just possible they might be persuaded to take to water travelling, in spite of its slowness, if the service were well advertised. But so far it has not been forced upon public attention at all. That is one of the drawbacks at present to businesses carried on by a public body. They are conducted in a "take-it-or-leave-it" spirit.

However, in this case it is doubtful whether the most energetic management would make a winter river service pay. It pays in Paris, it is true; but, then, there is no tide on the Seine and the steamboats are therefore of a handier, swifter, cosier type. We have to argue upon the conditions that prevail in London, and the argument is decidedly against spending £1,500 a week out of the rates for the pleasure of seeing our battered fleet churning the stream with no passengers aboard.

Unless the County Council decide tomorrow to stop this waste of our money, it will be time for the citizen to exercise his right of getting up an agitation. And if he has to do that, he might as well, at the same time, look into a few other financial questions. He might ask, for example, whether it is anybody's business to lop off unnecessary officials at regular intervals. The Spring-gardens salary list steadily goes up. It is kept as low as possible? That is what the citizen has a right to know.

In every business the tendency is for three people to be doing two people's work. Unless frequent raids are made upon salaries that are not being fairly earned, the leakage grows and grows. In Government Offices the waste of public money is enormous. What arrangements have the County Council in force for preventing the rates being looted by idlers? There ought to be a committee of members always inquiring into office expenses, or, better still, a paid official whose salary should depend upon his keeping other salaries down.

"A fair day's pay for a fair day's work" should be the motto of all public bodies. But there is no need to go beyond it and to pay people for watching others work. H.

THE SCARCITY OF SERVANTS.

Lady Bray tells in the "Commonwealth" for November of an interesting plan she has hit upon for getting good servants. She selects a poor family with a nice little girl in it, and every year she invites the child to stay in her house and be looked after by her servants for a month. When the little girl has become a big girl she is engaged as a servant herself.

This plan has two advantages. It gives the child an idea of what being a servant in a good house means. She sees it is a pretty comfortable, not very arduous occupation. It also, when she has decided to follow it, gives her a good start.

Most servants, Lady Bray says, have to begin work "in some small tradesman's family, where work is hard, living bad, and comfort nil." It disgusts them, and they give a bad account of it to others.

Under Lady Bray's system a constant supply of competent, contented servants might be kept up—would be kept up if all went well. There seems a good deal to be said for the plan. People with large houses might well give it a trial. E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The beggar is the only free man in the universe.
—Charles Lamb.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE house-party gathered to meet the King at Colonel Lockwood's seat, Bishop's Hall, to-day has, on the whole, a political character about it. The King's visit to Romford is certainly a "flying" one, since he will leave tomorrow morning in his motor-car for Newmarket. His Majesty will therefore see very little of Colonel Lockwood's guests, except those who make up the shooting-party in the afternoon. Nearly all these are, curiously enough, members of Parliament, and the King will have an opportunity of discussing politics with Sir William Walrand, Mr. Chaplin, and Sir Schomburg McDonnell, who, although not in the House, is before all things a politician.

Sir Schomburg McDonnell made his fame in the political world as a model private secretary. He served the late Lord Salisbury in that capacity from 1883 to 1892, and again during the later administration. The social side of politics—political entertainments, balls, and receptions—has, it is generally admitted, lost its importance during the last few years. "But in the days of Sir Schomburg

in favour of an education for women which should preserve their womanliness and prevent them from becoming "Tomboys," reminds one that both she and Sir Edmund Verney are great authorities on education. They encourage technical classes in their own part of the country, round Claydon House, Winslow, in Buckinghamshire, where the Verneys have always lived, and strive generally to stir the local authorities to sweeping reforms. Lady Verney is a very clever woman, and she has written a good deal—chiefly about art and archæology.

Sir Edmund Verney was, in his very young days, a midshipman, and he served through the Crimean war. He gathered a store of anecdotes, now very interesting historically, of that distant time. One of his stories tells how a certain admiral, leaving the fleet one day to return to England, signalled "Success to you all!" with the flags. The admiral who remained had to reply, but unfortunately his signals got confused, and the threatening message, "Hanging attend you," came out, instead of "Happiness attend you," which had been meant.

AWKWARD POSITION OF AN AUTOCRAT.



The Russian political situation is typified in this cartoon. The individual in the foreground is "Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias," Tsar, Seigneur of Pskov, Grand Duke of Smolensk, etc., Prince of Livonia, etc., and his full name without his titles is "Nicolas Alexandrovitch Romanoff-Holstein-Gottorp."

McDonnell's service half the battles of political life were fought outside the House, in drawing-rooms, where people had to be conciliated and flattered. This was part of Sir Schomburg's office, and he showed his charming manners to perfection in telling Mr. Bonham Duffell, after dinner, how immensely "the chief" had been struck by his remarkable speech, or, in assuring Mr. Soporific that his motion had produced an enormous impression upon the Prime Minister.

Sir William Walrand, who is another member of the house-party, has had political duties no less arduous, and far more disturbing, than those of a private secretary. As Chief Government Whip for years he lead a terribly anxious life, keeping his finger perpetually on the pulse of the House, trying to preserve the Government majority, and doing this with a delightfully calm and rigid countenance. Once when he passed between Mr. Balfour, who was making a speech, and the Speaker's chair (thereby committing what the House considers a very grave breach of etiquette), in order to convey to the former that the majority was in great danger, he is said to have lost his equanimity, but Mr. Balfour was certainly far more disturbed than he. Sir William is, by the way, the best shot of Colonel Lockwood's party.

Lady Verney's charmingly-worded speech, made before the Association of Head Mistresses,

denly seize a spoon or a fork, a salt-cellar, or a carver, and throw it towards you in a debonaire way for your inspection. He has as great a love of the picturesque as Walter Pater himself.

It was generally hard to get Pater, when he was a Don at Brasenose, to look at things from any but an artistic point of view. When he heard a colleague complaining that the undergraduates had lit a colossal bonfire in the quad he merely replied: "Yes, doesn't it make the spire of St. Mary's look beautiful?" and a riot had always a certain charm for him, could he only watch it from afar. "They are like young tigers that have been tamed," was his verdict upon frantic undergraduates, and he quite liked watching the tigers at their sport.

There is a good deal of expectation about the new play, "The Indecision of Mr. Kingsbury," which Mr. Frederic Harrison has chosen for his next production at the Haymarket. Mr. Harrison has, like so many French theatrical managers, a remarkable talent for securing an almost perfect ensemble in the way of acting. I am glad to be able to announce that Miss Fanny Brough has been engaged for the principal woman's part in this play. The most natural and most incisive actress in London, Miss Brough has been allowed too long to wander over the wilds of America, and her help ought alone to make a success of the Haymarket production.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

CAN DRUNKARDS BE CURED?

No, I am afraid not. My experience is the same as that of "Nerve Specialist." Once the drink craving has got hold, it cannot be permanently got rid of.

"If curable, why not cure it?" asked King Edward about cancer. If there really are methods of reforming victims of the alcohol curse, why do so many pitiful and painful cases come constantly under the notice of every PARISH PRIEST, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

"Nerve Specialist" asks if anyone knows of a case in which a drunkard has been permanently cured. I happen to know of two. The first case is that of a seaman who was told by his fiancée that she would not marry him unless he gave up the drink. So he took the pledge. The other, a lay-preacher, also took the pledge. Both these men were confirmed drunkards, were middle-aged, and were permanently cured.

D. Z. BEAUMONT,
104, Church-road, Upper Norwood.

RITUALISM IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. With regard to your correspondent's challenge to any "ritualist" to prove the legality of copes, candles, etc., in the Church of England, I would refer him first to the Ornaments' Rubric in the Book of Common Prayer, which is printed just before the Order for Morning Prayer.

Here he will find that the ornaments of the ministers and churches which were in use in the second year of the reign of Edward VI. are to be retained and used. If he will then look at a copy of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. (compiled in 1549) he will find that the priest was ordered to wear a "cope or vestment over a white albe" whilst saying mass.

LONDON. ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

THE LAW FOR THE RICH.

I feel sure that all workers in the cause of humanity to animals must, like myself, feel some what indignant at the result of the appeal in the "Barnstable cruelty case." The facts of the case, as reported in the Press, pointed to gross inhumanity and deliberate cruelty, and the sentences passed upon the defendants in the first instance were none too heavy. One cannot help but express both surprise and indignation to find such malicious cruelty so lightly regarded in the eyes of the law that it can be easily atoned for by a "charity donation."

And even in this respect injustice has been done, for if the offence could be so easily wiped out by such a donation, should not the R.S.P.C.A., which has been the means of bringing the case to light, have benefited by the fine? Mr. Bell was, I presume, a man of education and apparently in affluent circumstances, a fact which appears to have considerably influenced the decision of the Barnstable Recorder and caused him to overlook the fact that cruelty carried out with so much forethought and careful deliberation was not the action of a man who was said to be "kindly and humane as far as animals were concerned." ARTHUR J. COKE, "Our Dumb Friends' League," 118, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 29.—In planning a garden we must try to avoid giving it a too formal appearance. For instance, do not place all the tall perennials at the back of the main border, but bring a few stately subjects close to the grass or gravel edge; let the low-growing violas, rock-crests, etc., sometimes run up from the margin of the bed, to form rivers of colour among the sundewers and phloxes.

Hyacinth and tulip beds must be more or less formally laid out, and will contrast well with wilder portions of the garden. E. F. T.

THE REVOLT IN RUSSIA

IN THE TSAR'S ABSENCE.



Grand Duke Constantine, who will act as Regent of Russia, should the Tsar be forced to leave his dominions owing to the revolt. The Grand Duke is a Liberal.

A HERITAGE OF WOE.



The little Tsarevitch lying in his mother's lap. Each day brings further details of the general upheaval which is shaking his inheritance to its very foundations.

THE HOTBED OF REVOLT: MARTIAL LAW AT KHARKOFF.



On the left is the University at Kharkoff, which the students turned into a fortress and barricaded. Martial law was proclaimed, but the students were permitted to march out with liberty on laying down their arms. On the right is a general view of Kharkoff.

THE FLAME SPREADS TO THE FAR EAST.



The great railway depot at Tomsk, on the Trans-Siberian Line, where a general strike has been proclaimed. Consequently no troops can be dispatched to Russia along this line.

GENERAL DRAGOMIROFF.



The finest tactician in the Russian army, who displayed extraordinary bravery in the Russo-Turkish war, has just died at Konotop.

SNAPSHOTS OF V



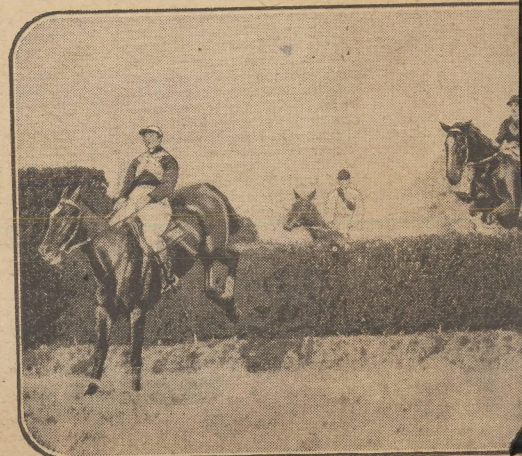
The New Zealanders pursued their victorious course and defeated the M on Saturday by 21 points to 5. The photograph shows a stalwart "All B a line-out from touch.



A palpable foul during the Manchester City v. Liverpool match on Saturday. Cries of "Play fair!" were frequent.



A brilliant shot by Fraser day. The match results



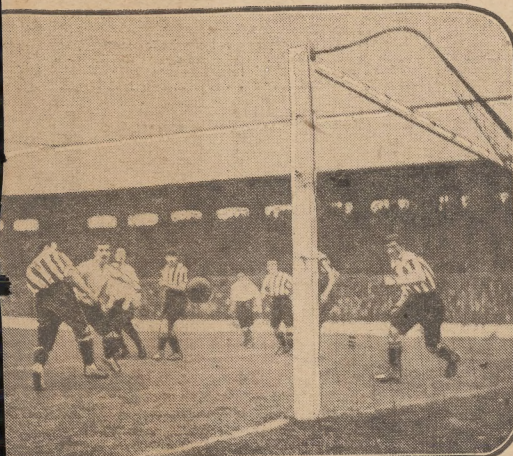
Striking photograph of the Park Handicap Steeplechase at Sandown race was won by Mr. F. M. Freake's Sanguinetti, ridden by Freeman Dathi, collided with the rails, and had to be destroyed.

WEEK-END SPORT.



Hand Counties at Leicester
"securing the ball from

A try being converted into a goal by
a New Zealander. They have already
kicked 63 goals during their tour.



Fulham forward, during the Southampton match at Fulham on Satur-
day, each side scoring once. Twenty-five thousand spectators watched
a give-and-take match.



on Saturday. The
The favourite,



A snapshot of R. Morgan immediately after
his accident in the Park Handicap at San-
down Park whilst riding Dathi.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the NEWS

PASSIVE RESISTERS WHO HAVE BEEN IN PRISON:



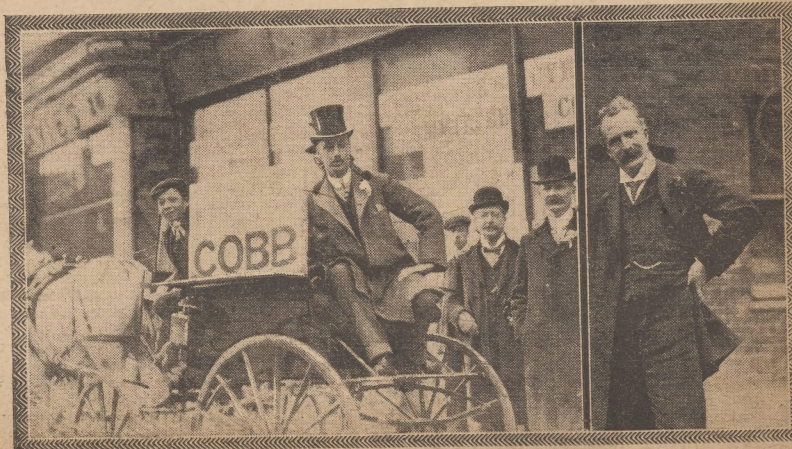
A group of Passive Resisters who on "Passive Resistance Day" recounted their prison experiences in the pulpit
of the City Temple. They varied in age from Rev. J. Johnston, aged seventy-four, to Mr. Hubbard, aged
twenty.—(Specially taken by flashlight by the *Daily Mirror*.)

FUNERAL OF COLONEL FRANK RHODES.



Photograph in the churchyard at Dalham during the funeral of Colonel Frank Rhodes, brother of the great
Empire-maker, the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. A memorial service was held simultaneously in St. James's
Church, Piccadilly.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTION AT FULHAM.



On Saturday a three-cornered contest took place at Fulham. On the left (seated on a dog-cart) is Mr. Cyril
Cobb, Unionist and Moderate, the successful candidate. On the right is Mr. Harold Spender, Progressive,
who was defeated by 425 votes.

CURZONS

EXPECT
THAT
EVERY
MAN
THIS
DAY
WILL
SEND
FOR
PATTERNS



OUR SIGNAL AND OUR VICTORY.

READ THE MESSAGE.

SEND FOR OUR FREE PATTERNS

And you will understand when you see the astounding value which we offer, why it is that we have been so tremendously successful.

OUR VICTORY

over the tailors who charge high prices, and over those who supply poorly-made, ill-fitting garments is complete, and we have built up a great business and gained a reputation for value second to none.

SUITS	TO ME SURE	21/-
HYGIENIC RAINPROOF OVERCOATS		18/6
TROUSERS		6/-

A POSTCARD BRINGS
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A list of bona-fide unedited testimonials from delighted customers in all parts of the world, **valuing our guinea suits at £3 3s.**, accompanies each packet of free patterns, and tape-measure is also included.



THE WORLD'S MEASURE
TAILORS (est. 1855),
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FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

Furnish at Jay's



1/

WEEKLY

GRAPHTYPE
LIFE
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OUR USUAL TERMS.

Worth	Per Month
£20 (50 payments)	1/-
25	2/-
30	3/-
40	4/-
50	5/-
60	6/-
70	7/-
80	8/-
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Plain Vans. No Delay.
Free Delivery.
No Venetian Enquiries.

J's J's

JAY'S ADDRESSES—

345, KENTISH TOWN-ROAD, N.W.
223, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-RD., S.E.
PADDINGTON—219, SHIRLAND-HD., W.
WATFORD—12, E. 13, PARADE, HIGH-ST.
HARLESDEEN—100, CRAVEN PK-RD., N.W.
CRICKLEWOOD—1, OAKLAND-TER., N.W.

Glen Alva Whisky.

The finest Old Scotch at
3/- PER BOTTLE.

Dust Trials
Spyker Cars
Win.

OLMA

A FINE OLD MALT GIN.

The Lancet—"analysis shows... acidity nil!"
LAMBETH DISTILLERY, S.E. S. & P. 315.



YES! BY USING
EYES
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Dr. Bute's wonderful remedy, ILENE, is a certain cure for

WEAK EYES.

Price per bottle 2/6, post free in Britain, or small sample 8d. Write for Testimonials:—THE ILENE CO., Room 5C 29, High Holborn, London, W.C.

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every size, shape, and quality in stock. Samples post free.
LANGLEY & SONS, Unprecedented Value.
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LUSTON WORKS, GEORGE STREET, N.W.

CABURYS' COCOA

ABSOLUTELY PURE

'THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.'

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

ROLAND CARSTAIRS, ex-bank manager, newly released from prison after serving four years for extensive fraud.
ROSE KING, a beautiful girl of poor birth, passionately in love with Carstairs.
DETECTIVE-SERGEANT VANCE, a clever and ambitious officer.
AN UNKNOWN LADY.
JOHN PYM, secretary to "Mr. Richard Balshaw," alias Roland Carstairs.
MR. PONSONBY, a friend of Roland Carstairs, whom he knows under his alias as "Richard Balshaw."

FOR NEW READERS.

It was Saturday night in Leicester, and the Haymarket was alive with humanity. Electric trams hurried along bewilderingly; the Palace was disgoring its audience; the market place was a blaze of light; and the hoarse voices of huckster and buyer rendered the night raucous.

A couple of men stood in Gallowtree Gate, by the offices of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, watching the streaming crowds.
"Yes," said one of the men, "I remember Ronald Carstairs well. When he first came to Leicester to clerk it was in the bank here, sixteen years ago, he was quiet and good-looking—not the sort of chap you'd ever dream would embezzle £30,000. Well, he's paying for his fun with five years."

"Must have done nearly four of 'em," said the other. "Aye!" He was picking his teeth. "He saved Rose King's life—it was a near thing for both of them."

The speaker paused, and nudged his companion as a gloriously figured young woman brushed past them.
"Rose King, going that way, but as she did so she cast a wistful glance, embodying a terrible heartache at the buildings of the bank, where once Roland Carstairs clerked."

She left the crowded part of the city, and entered a small house.

Going to her little bedroom, she locked the door. Then, with a low heart-beat, she opened her arms as though she were yielding up her body and soul—but the room was empty.
"Oh," she whispered, a world of impassioned love in her voice. "I could only be with you to comfort you, but I shall be there when you come out. I want to comfort, to help you! I'll go with you, if you'll say but the word!"

A yellow fog was rolling over London distorting perspective and muffling sound. Reaching Pentonville Prison it wreathed itself about frowning portal and barred window, and made shadowy phantoms of the few people gathered round the ponderous gates, waiting for the daily quota of discharged prisoners.

Detective-sergeant Vance stood in the group. He had no particular person under his eye, but he liked to study the criminal on every possible occasion.

A young woman, with a beautiful face and a splendid figure, hovered restlessly in the shadows of the wall.

At last the wicket opened and a batch of prisoners stepped out. But one of them instantly riveted Vance's attention. The poise of the man's head and the distinguished swing of the body proclaimed a strong personality.

The man walked away. Vance followed; so did the beautiful young woman. Suddenly she sprang towards the man. He started back.

"Rose King! Good God!" he cried.

"Aye, Rose King, of Leicester," answered the woman. "I had to come to meet you. I couldn't leave."

"Rose, I hoped that you had forgotten me long ago."

"Forgotten you! You've been in my thoughts night and day."

The man called a hansom, and the woman and he entered. Vance followed the cab on foot. The fog would only permit walking pace. At King's Cross the cab drew up, and the man got out alone, and the hansom crawled away. He bought a newspaper, and stood at the station entrance.

A woman's figure came towards him, and the two stood talking. Presently the woman left him. Then he flung away his newspaper and sprang into a cab. Vance, still shadowing the man, picked up the newspaper and followed the cab.

Suddenly the man jumped out of the cab, and all but collided with Vance. He glanced searchingly at the detective, then plunged into the fog and was lost.

The boat-train crept along the platform of Charing Cross Station.

The wealthy Mr. Richard Balshaw, traveller and hunter of big game, just returned from a long absence abroad, alighted. He was a handsome, finely-built man, in the prime of vitality.

Mr. John Pym, his private secretary, met him, and they entered a brougham.

"Everything in order?" asked Balshaw.

"I've done my best," answered Pym, nervously. "But do you know who I saw in London yesterday?—Rose King."

"I know. She was waiting for me outside Pentonville this morning."

"What!"

But Balshaw made no reply. His eyes dilated suddenly as if readjusting their focus. With a start he dropped back quietly among the cushions. The strong face was grey beneath its bronze.

"John," he whispered, throatily, "there she is—on the pavement—on that fellow with her shadowed me this morning after I came out!"

CHAPTER III. (continued).

The roar of the Strand traffic accentuated the tense silence that followed Balshaw's words. John Pym, white as a ghost, looked like a man staggered by a double-headed blow. As the brougham moved on, Balshaw raised the little trap screening a miniature window in the back of the carriage and stared out. Pym leant forward in time to catch a glimpse of a commonplace man who stood on the edge of the pavement, wearing a cloth cap and smoking a cutty-pipe.

It was Detective-sergeant Vance, that earnest student of practical criminology, who had watched Roland Carstairs, one-time manager of the Northampton branch of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, pass shadow-like from Pentonville Prison, and, fascinated by his sifflly-revealed personality

and strange conduct, had followed, only to lose him in the gloom of a London fog.

And beside him, almost touching elbows, Pym caught a glimpse of a superbly-figured young woman, with a big hat, fur stole, and a cheap but stylishly-cut coat—Rose King!

But it was her expression that riveted John Pym. Her black, turbulent hair enhanced the pallor of her face. Her eyes seemed to be following the brougham, their look one of almost terrified bewilderment. Then, just before Pym lost sight of her, he saw a sudden half-movement on her part as if she meditated pursuit, yet it was full of indecision.

"It was just my fancy," she muttered wearily. "Must have been. I'm full of strange fancies to-night. To-morrow I shall be back again in Leicester, and maybe, if I can't forget, I shall get along somehow; but I'd have gone with him to the end of the world, if he'd but said the word."

She seemed quite unconscious of the commonplace-looking man beside her, whose attitude suggested a man waiting for an omnibus. As she turned away with a certain recklessness, as if time and destination were nothing to her, Vance, after a moment's hesitation, followed. It was a case of deciding between Rose King and a well-known Strand pickpocket.

Charing Cross was one of the detective's favourite haunts. The mysterious doings of Roland Carstairs had been duly logged in the diary that he kept with a regularity characteristic of his painstaking nature, and Rose King and the veiled woman whom Carstairs met outside King's Cross Station and a copy of the "Morning Post" had given him much food for patient reflection during the day; but his attention was centred on a well-known Autolycus when he suddenly became conscious of Rose King at his elbow.

It is the duty of every released convict to report himself on his discharge. Vance had made certain inquiries, and ascertained that Roland Carstairs had duly reported himself, and announced his attention of going abroad immediately. When a discharged prisoner decides on such a course, he escapes from the Brixton regulations attached to a ticket-of-leave. Vance, as he snatched after Rose King, tapped his nose thoughtfully. Roland Carstairs, and those associated with him, interested him infinitely more than a Strand pickpocket.

"I wonder," he muttered, half-closing one eye, "I wonder if he has so much as gone outside the four-mile radius."

But it is possible for a man to leave London, cross the Channel, and return to London in a day.

CHAPTER IV.

Balshaw let drop the flap over the window in the back of the brougham with a sigh of relief. He had seen Rose King turn away, and a moment later the stolid-faced man with a cutty pipe.

"Rose King was waiting for you, this morning, and that man sh-shadowed you."

Pym stuttered out the words. His stutter was an echo of a youthful impediment that only manifested itself now in moments of extreme excitement. His great eyes were luminous as with phosphorescence; his worn features sharp with the alert expression of a man anticipating danger, and eager to counter it. Balshaw nodded his head.

"Yes," he said in a low, unsteady voice. "She had brought the savings of four years with her, to make a fresh start in life! I lied, of course—told her I was going abroad, wished her good-bye. But I'd rather not talk about it!"

He dashed a hand sharply across his eyes.

"And that fellow in a cloth cap and smoking a pipe?" questioned Pym, in his thin, eager voice.

Balshaw withdrew his hand from his eyes.

"I ran into him this morning, not far from King's Cross. I had an appointment with a woman."

"Woman? More women!" Pym's eyes grew big with greater anxiety. "Was it Z? Was that the meaning of those advertisements that I inserted for you? Who is Z?"

"An unknown quantity," replied Balshaw quietly. "I haven't the slightest notion who she is—a ship passed in the night, a signal shown in the darkness. She is as much Z to me as I was Messenger from Mars to her. A poor devil whom I nursed when I was doing duty as hospital orderly asked me to take a message for him—to Z. He had his secret, and I didn't pry into it. He, like myself, had means of communicating with the outside world. That's the matter in a nutshell, John."

It was a mysterious incident—the woman was as anxious as myself to conceal her identity. It was after parting from her that I ran into that detec-

BY ANNIE AUMONIER.

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."
—GENESIS III., 6.

"I had a feeling that I was watched. But I shook him off. His presence outside Charing Cross to-night was coincidence. He didn't see me. Had he done so, he wouldn't have recognised me!"

A shadowy smile flickered across the strong, purposeful face. Balshaw had regained his nerve.

"Look at me closely, John. You knew Roland Carstairs better than any man living. Do you see much resemblance between him and Richard Balshaw?"

Pym's great eyes searched the other's features closely.

"You have changed much!" he said. "And you always kept the two personalities distinct. As you built up the personality of Balshaw—grew into and loved the character you were creating—the distinction became more marked. You are truer to your real self as Balshaw than ever you were as Carstairs. 'As Carstairs you were in a cage that fettered your natural instincts—a cage against which your restless spirit dashed itself like a captive bird, mad to spread its pinions in the free atmosphere of a wider world.'"

He paused for a moment. His eyes filled with short-ol look of anxiety.

"What was Rose King doing outside Charing Cross? Did you see her face, her expression?"

"Pym held a faint smile, the very fingertips of which seemed charged with anxious devotion, on Balshaw's arm.

"Do you remember that night when you first reached the idea?"

"Am I likely to forget?" Balshaw laughed curiously. "I said something to this effect, didn't I? 'Something a poor devil like myself, with his future linked up to his past, his petty salary rising slowly to an insignificant maximum, and as the basis a pension and the hope of a life soon to be dismissed, was prepared to sacrifice his chance of life to purchase wealth and freedom?'"

"You thought me joking," he continued musingly.

"We worked over the idea of the last chapter over our whisky and cigars. We discussed roughly the purchase of a decent fortune at something between five to seven years' penal servitude. But then we were met by the difficulty that our poor devil—granted as he had brought up his lamp and paid the bank price—would be a social leper and a rejected man, and, unless he had played his cards masterfully well, unable to enjoy the fruits of his wealth."

Balshaw indulged his eyes. He seemed to be thinking.

"But your poor devil could only create for himself another personality, and lead a dual existence—before bringing off his coup—the problem would be solved. If as B, he had existed as a real personality and with a distinct circle of acquaintances, what time as A he was still a respected bank manager suffering from indifferent health and being granted spells of sick leave, the scheme was possible."

After a moment's pause Balshaw continued in the same low, almost dreamy voice:—

"For our poor devil bring off his coup as A, and transfer the money secretly to B; as A let him pay the bank's price, while as B he is supposed to be globe-trotting; let him cease to exist as A, as soon as he has served his time, and become B, returned from Central Africa, or—"

Balshaw stopped abruptly, like a man striking from a reverie.

"John!" he whispered, tensely, "seven years ago this was a theory; to-day it is reality. Yesterday, I was a prison number; to-day—"

"You enter into your inheritance!" interrupted Pym, his thin voice vibrant. "And you are jeopardising it all—for a pension! Seven years ago, there was no woman to defile the needle of your compass. Rose King was only an incident, of her making rather than yours. Now, whose energy was centred on a single idea? Then, when all was done, when you were building up your personality as Balshaw, a girl flitted across your path, and you were wrecked. You had gone too far to turn back. A wise step was your first!"

Balshaw's eyes glared intensely; his mouth, open in stupefaction with growing emotion.

"If I could have turned you from your original purpose, I would have done so; but you were too strong, too magnetic. I met with you; I go with you now to the end!"

Emotion was mastering the man; a stutter hampered his speech.

"I don't forget! But for you, I should have died in some workhouse infirmary. You were only a cockle shell; but you treated me like a brother. You half-starved yourself to keep my body—"

"Steady, John!" said Balshaw, laying a commanding, yet affectionate, hand on the other's pulsing wrist. "Stick to your text!"

There was perfect understanding between these two strange men. Pym, as if infused with the other's coolness, steadied himself.

"You wavered," he said, "after Clare Mainwaring crossed your path; but you went straight ahead again. I believed you had broken the spell before it had grown too strong."

But Pym played the game. He said Balshaw, his velvet hoarse with impassioned remorse, his imperturbable mask dropped for the nonce, "John, I say it, not boasting, but with shame, I made her grow fond of me! I did not realise till it was too late. I forced myself to put her from my thoughts. The scheme of my life demanded all my energy, and all my strength. I was a man, John; in the loneliness of my cell—do you know that I've been a prisoner for three years and nine months?"

He laughed fiercely.

"All right in theory. Four years seemed a bagatelle to pay for wealth, freedom, power. In reality, it was hell. The soul-killing routine and degrading labour; the companionship of such criminals—and a parish woman. I made my own bed, and I have lain upon it. But can you wonder if my thoughts took refuge in memories? I peopled my cell with figures of the past; you were with me often, John; but she came to me most often. I fell in love with a memory; I am in love with a will. I wanted. When I said good-bye to her, before starting on my travels—Heaven save the mark!—I realised that I had won the most precious thing on earth: a woman's love; but I had gone too far. I had to fulfil my destiny. With this knowledge I went to prison!"

The man who was Richard Balshaw to-day had taken with him to prison a memory, and had fallen in love with it. The daring scheme of his life, if not abandoned, had at least a goal in the shape of a woman.

"I altered my programme," he continued at last, his hardened lips, his lips severely moving.

"I could not pass down prison to take without her. And she—"

Forgetting that the injury to his high white was fiction, he drew his hand, hard and rough as a navvies, from its sling, and dashed it across his eyes.

"And then," said Pym quietly, taking up the broken thread, "the first time you met me, you were the same man as you were at the prison for Tor Arrogates. Come, there is nothing to keep."

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Begin Our New Serial To-day.

you in England now. The sooner away the sooner peace of mind, and the greater the security. This return to London is madness. You are jeopardising everything. You will go; you will travel, in reality."

"When I have failed," said Balshaw quietly.

"Failed?" echoed the slave of the lamp. "What chance have you? You are forgotten. You are returned too late. This image that you have idealised and circled about with a halo is engaged."

"To a tailor's dummy!" said Balshaw sharply; "to a popinjay who will one day sprout a tuft in the shape of a coronet."

"Your goddess, then, has feet of clay," almost sneered Pym, "if she means marrying this popinjay for his wealth."

"No!" The words rang sharp like the quick blows of hammer on anvil. "She has been sold!"

"This is madness—destruction! Women will be your ruin."

"Don't waste breath, John. My mind is made up."

The die was cast. Once, the man who was Richard Balshaw to-day had only asked to warm his hands selfishly at the fires of life; but he craved for more than this now.

For years his daring and unscrupulous spirit had been in secret revolt against the narrow circle drawn round his life; for years he had brooded on the possibility that his life was reality to-day.

But that he had been wonderfully sane it would have been a form of monomania. Yet, without John Pym, the slave of the lamp, it had been impossible. It was John Pym who had pulled the strings when Richard Carstairs was in prison, and gave reality in a hundred little ways to the fiction that Richard Carstairs was the other self, was waiting about the world. It was John Pym who had actually travelled for a year and kept a minute diary for Balshaw's future reference. It was John Pym who had written letters to Balshaw's banker and solicitor and even his personal friends, letters purporting to come from Balshaw. It was Pym who had repaid and furnished the house for the man who was Richard Carstairs to-day, was waiting about the world. It was John Pym who had actually travelled for a year and kept a minute diary for Balshaw's future reference. It was John Pym who had written letters to Balshaw's banker and solicitor and even his personal friends, letters purporting to come from Balshaw. 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PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THIN GIRLS—TWO SEASONABLE PATTERNS.

TOO SYLPH-LIKE AND THE REMEDY.

THE MENTAL ATTITUDE TO TAKE AGAINST WORRY.

One often hears it said that a woman is never content on the subject of her size. If she is plump, her one desire is to get thinner. If she is slender, her great ambition is to be plump.

When a girl is too thin it is generally, however, a sign that she is not in the very best of health, and that her food does not nourish her properly. She soon gets tired; she feels the cold dreadfully in winter.

It is impossible to recommend one kind of treatment for every case, as not only does the excessive thinness proceed from different causes, but different remedies suit different constitutions.

MILK BAKED IN THE OVEN.

The most commonly successful remedy, however, is a course of milk drinking, which must be proceeded with as to quantity gradually, or there will be difficulties in the way of digestion. One very fragile maiden who eventually fattened under this cure found that the only way in which she could digest the milk at first was when it had been baked in the oven. Two or three quarts of milk should be taken in the day, a pint made with cocoa at breakfast, a pint warmed in the middle of the morning, and her with lunch, another at tea-time, another with dinner, and another last thing at night.

Some people are very much against drinking milk with the principal meals, but it is recommended by the best woman doctor in London. With regard to the remainder of the diet, milk puddings and suet puddings, fat bacon, and black grapes are important items.

So much for the physical part of our cure; now to consider the mental side. Of course, everybody knows that worrying will keep them thin, but everybody is equally agreed about the difficulty of not worrying. Let us look at the thing philosophically. To worry test a thing should happen very often brings that very thing to pass because the whole mind is bent in that direction. We should aim at acquiring the same control over our minds that we have over our bodies. Then we can say to our brains you shall think of this, or you shall not think of that.

Mental Courage Recommended.

We can map out the direction of our thoughts just as we can plan where our bodies shall go. Let us cultivate mental courage. Do not let us be afraid of anything in the future which may never be ours. Let the idle woman embrace some study, such as photography, cookery, or any of the delightful new forms of needlework, and let her attend lectures and read all she can on any one of these subjects. How much more interesting it will make her than if her mind is full of little petty ideas that lead nowhere!

Let the over-busy woman try to get away into the country every Sunday, even if it is only as far as the limit of the Metropolitan Railway, for the afternoon, or if she is too tired to travel let her cultivate the good, old-fashioned Sunday afternoon nap, and even an occasional whole day in bed with ample meals served in her room. This will give her mind a chance of gaining strength to throw off the week's anxieties.

In what may be called a bad case of thinness, when it is partly hereditary, and has partly been

caused by a life of unavoidable trials and worries, the only means that can give the poor, slender body a chance to fill out properly is for the owner to undergo a Wrin-Mitchell treatment. Great quantities of nourishing foods are given, and digestion is assisted by artificial means, such as massage and electricity. All communication with the outside world is stopped, and absolute rest is ensured. After such a course the emaciated emerge quite plump and rejuvenated again.



No. 227. The very pretty blouse shown above will require four yards of any single-width material, such as blossom silk, to make it. It is an admirable model for a party dress, and the pattern costs only 6d., or, tacked up, including fat, 1s. 3d. Ask for pattern 227, and write to the *Daily Mirror* Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, 9, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

A SEASONABLE DISH.

OYSTER FRITTERS.

INGREDIENTS: Twelve oysters, twelve thin slices of bacon, a little lemon-juice, cayenne, frying batter. Beat the oysters, season them with lemon juice and cayenne, cut the bacon very thin, and roll up each oyster in a slice.

Next make the frying batter. Mix together a quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter of a teaspoon of salt. Add one tablespoonful of salad oil or melted dripping to a quarter of a pint of tepid water, then stir these smoothly into the flour.

Beat very stiffly the white of one egg, and just at the last add it lightly to the batter. Dip each oyster into the batter, then fry the fritters in boiling fat till they are a golden brown. Drain them well on kitchen paper, and serve them very hot, piled up on lace paper.

DAME FASHION'S DECREES.

The elbow-sleeve and the glove that meets it will remain in vogue.

Sleeves will be big at the shoulders, but they will not be stiffened.

Shirts will be made with or without yokes, for both models will be popular.

Hand embroidery will hold its own, but will be simple, a few sprays being deemed quite sufficient to decorate a shirt front.

He had to hurry away to Lady Ursula, to be there when she awoke to consciousness.

He did not come back. Sabra would not leave the Abbey until she had news of her aunt's condition. Dick stayed with her.

Hours passed. The two thought they had been forgotten. Every now and then pale women came into the room with anxious questions, but only the doctor and the two whom he had chosen as nurses knew what was happening upstairs.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the doctor came down.

"Please come up," he said gravely. "She wants—both of you. She is dying. The madness has passed; she is herself again."

Even the girl's inexperienced eyes could not help perceiving that the soul was about to leave the frail body that lay on the narrow bed. By the bedside was a small table, and on it were several papers, with the ink barely dry on them.

Lady Ursula made a faint movement to Sabra to approach her door.

"My child," she said in a thin thread of voice, "can you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, Aunt Ursula," the girl answered, her voice choked with tears.

"I was mad," the dying woman went on. "But now I see. Sabra, dear, good-bye. I have done what I could. I have just made my will. I want you to have what you were to have had if you had come

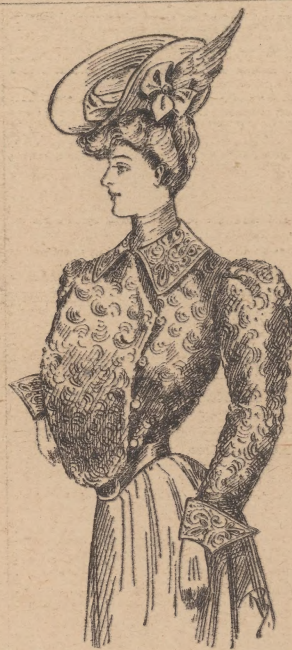
GAY MOTOR-CAR COATS.

WHITE AND PALE COLOURS IN USE.

Women's fur coats for the motor-car are to be looser of fit than ever. They are made usually with box-backs and double-breasted fronts, and are given collars of a contrasting colour in leather or fur. Greys and browns are the favourite choice for the automobile at present, and Russian pig is a fur that is very frequently used. Chevrons of a prominent and striking check pattern are cloths that are liked, and these are lined with fur, leather, camel's fleece, or silk plush, with a heavy fur-like nap.

Dark colours are no longer the fashion for the motor-car, and white and such fragile hues as green and pink take their place. What is more remarkable, these delicate colours will not spot, no matter what the weather may be. The fabric is leather, or, to be worn over cloth and fur, satin that is waterproofed. The effects of mud splashing upon them are done away with by sponging them down with a little ammonia and water.

The leather coats are very smart, and are trimmed with mink, beaver, marten, and other substantial furs. A very lovely coat is made of white leather lined throughout with white fur. All coats, as a rule, are made of three-quarter length, though some of them are made to cover the dress entirely, and are worn by those who prefer to dispense with a rug.



No. 147. So excellent is caracol cloth in its wearing qualities that it is far better worth buying than a cheap fur. A yard of black caracol cloth will materialise the dainty bodice shown above, which has a collar and cuffs of hunter's green cloth, embroidered with gold. Flat paper pattern, 4d.; tacked up, including fat, 1s. 3d. Ask for number 147, and write as directed in the adjoining column.

A Good Complexion Makes even a Plain Girl Look Pretty.



The Oatine Girl

The CAUSE of a good complexion is perfect skin cleanliness. Not the cleanliness of soap and water. They only remove surface dirt, and leave irritating waste matter in the pores.

OATINE

the new face cream, removes this waste from the pores. It leaves the skin fresh and clear, soothing and healing all sores and blemishes.

It brings natural beauty to the plainest face.

OATINE is made from pure oats. It contains neither animal fat, with its possibilities of impurity, nor injurious minerals. OATINE will rid you of wrinkles. It will not grow hair.

Try OATINE yourself, and watch the improvement in your complexion. It costs 1/3 and 2/6 a jar at all chemists, etc. Should your chemist not be able to supply you, send a Shilling for a full-sized trial jar and our book of beauty hints. Mention your chemist's name.

THE OATINE COMPANY,

31, DENMAN ST., LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.

DERRY & TOMS.

SPECIAL OFFER.



HALL-MARKED C BINET FRAME (as Sketch). KENSINGTON: High St., London, W.

3 Good Things

for every reader of "Daily Mirror" who sends 10 to Mrs. Pomeroy at the address below: A Box of Pomeroy Skin Food (1/6 each), A dainty Box of Pomeroy Toilet Powder, and Mrs. Pomeroy's Book, "Beauty Rules" on the home culture of beauty, all post free.

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NATURE'S PLEASANT CLEANSING BALM.

Larger sizes 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, of all Chemists or post free from MRS. POMEROY, Ltd., Mail Order Dept. 53, 29, OLD BOND ST. RET, LONDON, W.

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good income by OREYFOLLOU MINIATURE PAINTING. A pleasant occupation. The Art of Envy. Instruction Book 3/6. We are enclosing stamped and sealed "or full particulars and address" with this O.A. ALSTON (D.C. 17) 38, Albemarle Street, or call at 14 Gallery and Studio, 53, New Bond St., London, W.

the Artistic

All That a Man Hath.

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

CHAPTER LXI. (continued).

In a second Dr. Mortimer threw himself upon Lady Ursula. She fought like a wild cat, but he managed to wrench the knife from her. Just as he secured it she gave one long shriek, and fell unconscious to the ground.

Dick, meanwhile, was staunching the blood on Sabra's forehead with his handkerchief. His face was like paper, his hands trembled. He could hardly realise the horror of the situation.

"She would have killed you," he murmured. "Oh, my darling, thank God we came in time!"

"She thought I was false," the girl answered. The wound was not a serious one; she was more shaken than anything else. "Poor Aunt Ursula! Dick, she is mad! She did not know what she was doing. Oh, but how strong she was!"

Dr. Mortimer went into the corridors. Pale-faced women in black habits came rushing to the room. With the help of two of them he carried Lady Ursula to her bedroom.

In a few minutes he came back, and with skilled fingers, bandaged the girl's wound.

There was no time for speech, for explanation.

here. Sister Margaret will succeed me—and—bend lower, child, you seem so far away—I release you from your promise. I see now. It is not the same for all. I was wrong. I tried to do what only God can do. Marry Richard Dangerville, Sabra, and make him a good wife—and be happy. And try to forgive me."

Her breath grew short and irregular; she tried to lift herself up on her pillows. Her great hollow eyes searched the room. The doctor beckoned to Dick to approach. The young man's eyes were very pitiful. Feebly the dying woman put out her hand, the hand that had separated, and joined the young people's hands, and murmured something unintelligible that must have been a blessing.

She died at midnight, and Dr. Mortimer insisted on Dick taking Sabra home. Canon Vallance had arrived, meanwhile, and would stay the night at the Abbey, to be on the spot to make all arrangements in the morning.

The doctor drove back in the motor-car, too. The chauffeur was at the wheel, and the doctor sat beside him. Dick sat behind, holding Sabra's hand. She was very much shaken, and very much distressed by the terrible afternoon and its tragic ending. She could not speak much. There was no need for speech, just as there was no need for the gun to shoot.

The night was as the day; joy was in their hearts.

THE END.

LIVERPOOL IN FORM AT MANCHESTER.

Great Day for Home Clubs—
—Sheffield Wednesday on
Top—Villa Brilliant.

DERBY DEFEAT STOKE LUCKILY.

By S. B. ASHWORTH (League International).

Home clubs had a regular field day on Saturday, and, excepting Aston Villa, which was a surprise, and Liverpool's triumph at Manchester, visiting teams all went under. Sheffield Wednesday maintained their position with a substantial win at the expense of Nottingham, and will need a deal of shaking. How wonderfully Tom Crawshaw took his form. He is quite as good as ever. In addition to a rock-like defence, the Sheffield vigorous, clever, and hard-pushing forwards have ways to be reckoned with. Yet I have a harking word for Aston Villa, who, it will be noticed, have wormed their way into second place, and a good second, too.

The Villa are nearer my ideal team than any at present before the public—a combination of first-class football in the highest sense, with hints of dash and a spice of that individuality which gave a charm to the game a generation or so ago, but which, I regret to say, is looked upon as a thing of the past. They have been conquered by, who made a decided advance upon recent performances, and must be accounted unlucky to be behind, after enjoying a good share of the play.

Derby County had not much chance to give to Stoke, who were certainly out of luck, and at last deserved to share the spoils. They were, however, a good team, and it would have been no easy matter to pick between Tom Booth and Jack Taylor. Either is class enough for the Derby County. The former gave Derby a good showing of the half-back line. But the side generally appears to have had an off day, although Edmondson once again did himself and Jack a handsome service. He is a worthy understudy to a great master.

In their own quiet way Everton looked another home victory at the expense of Bolton Wanderers, whose position is not by any means what it should be. McDermott's transfer has hit the Everton side, and the result has been that they have been no easier matter to pick between Tom Booth and Jack Taylor. Either is class enough for the Derby County. The former gave Derby a good showing of the half-back line. But the side generally appears to have had an off day, although Edmondson once again did himself and Jack a handsome service. He is a worthy understudy to a great master.

Nottingham Forest boast three inside forwards, each of whom, by his own individuality, is occasionally able to "win" a game, but they are not a team, and they do not seem to be the advantage of the side. Against Sheffield United, although mourning the absence of one of their stars, they were not a team, and they do not seem to be the advantage of the side. Against Sheffield United, although mourning the absence of one of their stars, they were not a team, and they do not seem to be the advantage of the side.

Birmingham, whose position becomes more creditable every week, only just beat Woolwich, who were handicapped by the absence of several regulars. From all accounts it was a very close game, and the result was a narrow one. Birmingham, whose position becomes more creditable every week, only just beat Woolwich, who were handicapped by the absence of several regulars. From all accounts it was a very close game, and the result was a narrow one.

BLACKHEATH BEAT STOKES.

Fine Victory for Oxford—Canbats' Poor Display.

SPECIAL BY "TOUCH JUDGE."

It was the best game I have seen this season at the Rectory Field, and, in my opinion, the best of the season. It was the best game I have seen this season at the Rectory Field, and, in my opinion, the best of the season.

But on this occasion such was the pronounced superiority of Blackheath that the game was a foregone conclusion. It was the best game I have seen this season at the Rectory Field, and, in my opinion, the best of the season.

I, C. Longin, the old R.N.C. lad, was drafted into the Blackheath side, and, in my opinion, the best of the season. It was the best game I have seen this season at the Rectory Field, and, in my opinion, the best of the season.

Northumberland have made a good start in the Rugby County Championship. Their win of 8 points to 3 over Cheshire at Birtley, and their victory over the Lancashire team, following up of the forwards. Cheshire had a good defence, but it was a negative sort of virtue, for they were not able to do anything.

Cheshire have dealt with the New Zealanders; but, from another good source, I learn that they were not able to do anything. Cheshire have dealt with the New Zealanders; but, from another good source, I learn that they were not able to do anything.

It was a scrambling game at Richmond Athletic Ground, but the Richmond forwards did the better work and held an advantage outside the scrum.

WELSH RUGBY CLUBS.

Disappointing Form of Cardiff at Gloucester—Swansea and Newport Win.

By E. GWYN NICHOLLS (Welsh International).

Cardiff's visit to Gloucester was signalled by one of the poorest exhibitions of Rugby imaginable, and it was hard to find the visitors were the same team as that which performed so brilliantly against Newport and Swansea. The start showed better promise, and a few brilliant plays of counter-attack were witnessed. Gloucester were first to get a lead. The forwards made a fine breakaway from the line-out, and Farham crossed the goal, but no goal resulted.

On the rest Gloucester again took up the attack, and Great added to it in passing on to where two of his three-quarters were unmarked, otherwise they were bound to have scored again. Cardiff now pulled themselves together, and invaded the home quarters when, from good passing, Williams scored after threading his way determinedly through half a dozen opponents. Windfield failed with the kick, but the goal was not scored.

Bush was next to claim attention. He ran grandly through to the full-back, where he gave a good pass to Williams, who unfortunately missed it. From now on the game deteriorated, and eventually became scrambling.

Gloucester had a man injured, and were handicapped by having to play one short throughout the second half. Cardiff continued to have the better of the game territorially. Their forwards heeled well, and the backs were splendidly fed by David, but their attempts at passing were hampered, and when the ball got away from them invariably meant a gain of ground to their opponents. They allowed themselves to be hurried by the worrying tactics of the Gloucester forwards, and, considering that they had an extra man in the scrum, it would have been better policy for the Cardiff forwards to take the game into their own hands.

The game will stand out as one of unexpected opportunities. Cardiff stood out as the best forward on the field, and Winfield again played well. For Gloucester Farham worked very hard, and West in the backs showed great offensive powers. A draw was the best possible result to such a game.

Newport defeated Llanelli by 14 points to 5, but were not vastly superior. In fact, in the first half there were very few points scored, and the game was a very close one. Newport asserted themselves, but the defence of the visitors' backs was great, and it was not until well on in the game, when Protheroe dropped a goal, that Newport scored. Newport's forwards were very hard, and West in the backs showed great offensive powers. A draw was the best possible result to such a game.

Swansea were at home to Bristol, and came out on top by 3 tries to a penalty goal. They, however, had to strive their hardest to gain the supremacy. Bristol quickly replied, but they were not able to do so. On Saturday they took the field with more confidence. Swansea lost a man early in the game, but they were not able to do so. On Saturday they took the field with more confidence. Swansea lost a man early in the game, but they were not able to do so.

NORTHERN UNION GAMES.

Surprising Results in County Cups— Runcorn Beaten by Swinton.

SPECIAL BY "HORNET."

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Saturday's Northern Union football was the defeat sustained by Bradford and Warrington in the County Cup competition, and the overthrow of Runcorn by Swinton in a League match. Having progressed so far, it was a surprise to find out being beaten. Runcorn may well have anticipated that on their own ground they would have been able to account for Swinton, who are not exactly one of the strongest sides in the Union.

A penalty goal kicked by Oldfield, however, settled the issue favourably to the villagers, who, no doubt, will plume themselves on their achievement, albeit they were aided by an unfortunate accident to the veteran Houghton, who retired at quarter-time. The other League matches produced runaway victories for Dewsbury, Leeds, and Huddersfield. The Cup-ties, it was generally expected that York, playing at home, would press Bradford hard, and, in fact, they were not able to do so. The result was a facer for Bradford. York's win was due to a goal splendidly kicked by Plimmer, whose play throughout was admirable.

Another closely-fought-out game in the Yorkshire competition was between Leeds and Kingston Rovers, whose draw of five points each necessitates another meeting. It was a sensational game, and one which, in my opinion, was the best of the season. Leeds, on his reappearance, had a slight pull, and it was not until well on in the game, when he moved into the goal, that he took full advantage, the scores being made level.

It is as well that Kingston Rovers live to fight again, for the other Hull club received the go-by at Halifax, and they were unable to hold their own. Both the winners' tries were obtained by Hartley. Hunslet gave a wonderful display against Kingston, and, in my opinion, was the best of the season. The result was a facer for Bradford. York's win was due to a goal splendidly kicked by Plimmer, whose play throughout was admirable.

Saturday was a great day for Leigh, who followed up their success against Warrington by the Northern Union cupholders, and that at Warrington. The fact of course, however, that they were not able to do so. The result was a facer for Bradford. York's win was due to a goal splendidly kicked by Plimmer, whose play throughout was admirable.

Salford were exceedingly anxious to beat Oldham, but they failed to reproduce their best form, and, moreover, they were not able to do so. The result was a facer for Bradford. York's win was due to a goal splendidly kicked by Plimmer, whose play throughout was admirable.

White played grandly at half for Oldham, and had much to do with the result. A regrettable error, however, was made by White, who was not able to do so. The result was a facer for Bradford. York's win was due to a goal splendidly kicked by Plimmer, whose play throughout was admirable.

Had not Broughton Rangers been so lamentably out of form, they would have beaten Wigan comfortably, as it was the margin of a single point gave Wigan the victory. On the whole the winners may be considered fortunate.

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

ASSOCIATION.

Division I.	Division II.
Birmingham (H)..... 2	Woolwich (A)..... 1
Derby County (H)..... 2	Blackburn Rovers (A)..... 0
Sheffield Wed. (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
Nottingham Forest (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
Sheff. Wed. (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
Nottingham Forest (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
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Nottingham Forest (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
Sheff. Wed. (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
Nottingham Forest (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
Sheff. Wed. (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
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Division I.	Division II.
Birmingham (H)..... 2	Woolwich (A)..... 1
Derby County (H)..... 2	Blackburn Rovers (A)..... 0
Sheffield Wed. (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
Nottingham Forest (H)..... 1	Sheff. United (A)..... 0
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DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A.A.—Suits, 34s.; Overcoats, 30s.; 4s. monthly.—Wittam, 231, Old-st. E.C.

A.—Free dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated lists; send stamp.—British Linen Co., Oxford-st., London.

A Bargain.—Elegant Fur; long black caracal Duchesse tulle; fashionable broad shoulders; beautifully rich, curly, handsome Muff matching; perfectly new; accept 12s. 6d.; approval.—Amy, Pools, 90, Fleet-st., E.C.

A Broom to all.—Fashionable Suits and Overcoats 10s. monthly.—Smith and Adams, 26, Lodge-st., E.C.

A Fashionable Suit or Overcoat to measure on improved system; 10s. monthly; fit guaranteed.—Adams, 140, Strand, opposite New Gallery.

A1.—High-class Tailoring on improved system; 10s. monthly. A. Barwell, 418, Strand (opposite Theatre).

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles, 21s.; exquisitely made; Robes, etc.; approval.—Call or write, Nurse Scott, 251, Untrivedge (private house), near Askew Arms, Shepherd's Bush.

BARGAIN! 10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 5 nightdresses, 10s. 6d.;—Eva, 89, Union-st., Clapham.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Gowns; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of lowest approval.—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

GOODS ON CREDIT.—Ladies' 6s. Gent's 10s. 6d.; Overcoats, 21s.; boots, 27s. 6d.; Tailor-made Suits, 35s.; Jackets, Mantles, Waterproofs, and Drapery delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect guarantee; easiest terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. No. 325, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

COSY Baby's Bonnet, silk trimmings, 2s. 6d.; send stamp; money returned if desired.—Write 1925, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

FURS.—Elegant new Alexandra Dagmar 6ft. Necklet, and handsome Muff and Russian sable hair, 12s. 6d.; approval.—Esme, 14, Tooting Bec-rd., S.W.

FURS.—Lady offers magnificent new Alexandra Dagmar Necklet and Muff; beautiful Russian sable hair; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval.—Maud, 68, Stockwell-rd., S.W.

FURS.—Lady offers magnificent real Russian sable for colour rich lustrous long Alexandra Dagmar Necklet; Muff to match, never worn; 12s. 6d.; approval by post. Miss Eva, Caxton House, Upper Tulse Hill, London.

FURS.—Long Russian sable hair Suits and Muff to match; only 10s. 6d.; approval.—Nina, 17, Balham-hill, Surrey.

LACE bundles, assorted, from 1s. 1d.—Myatt, 12, Lords-chambers, Upper Parliament-st., Nottingham.

LADIES, only 2s. 6d. need be sent with your order for Costumes from 21s.; Jackets, General Purpose, Boots, Waterproofs, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; easiest terms and quickest delivery; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.—Write Dept. 235, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

LADIES' superior Costumes, etc., as new, at bargain prices; call at once.—Imperial Dress Agency, 1255, Queen's-rd., Bayswater.

LEST You Forget!—Richest, appropriate Christmas gifts. Real Irish linen handkerchiefs, Ladies' fine fax handkerchiefs, 2s. 11d. dozen; Gent's, 5s. 9d., 50, St. Stephen's Free, Send postcard.—Hutton's, 81, Larnie, Ireland.

ONE Shilling Weekly.—Clothing to measure below shopkeepers' prices; Overcoats from 21s.; good business suits from 27s. 6d.; Ladies' Jackets, Boots, Mantles and Tailor-made Costumes from 25s.; Waterproofs from 17s. 6d.; delivered on small deposits; perfect fit guaranteed; patterns and new American self-measurement forms post free; easiest terms and quickest delivery.—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

GOULD'S GOLDEN PILL CO.

READ OUR
Marvellous
New Offer.

A Watch
for ALL.

We contend that our pills are the greatest scientific remedy for the rapid cure of Liver Disorders, Wind, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Colic, Constipation, Skin and Blood Diseases. They promote digestion and assimilation, and endow the whole body frame with strength and vigour. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients entirely different to the ordinary patent pills.

G. G. Pills are also the finest remedy for Jaundice, Offensive Breath, Low Spirits and Depression, Fatigue, Scarcity of the Menstrual, Colic, Painful Periods, Anemia, Mental and Physical Prostration, General Debility, Rickets and Erysipelas. Also of innumerable service in all the disorders peculiar to women, Rheumatism, the after effects of influenza and other exhausting diseases, as well as a general aperient and tonic remedy they are unsurpassed.

Instead of paying for huge newspaper advertisements and large posters we offer the present of a handsome Lady's or Gent's watch to everyone who uses and recommends our pills. We own the Best Pill in the world, and we show our faith in it by offering a FREE WATCH to every purchaser.

We hold thousands of testimonials, and have given away in the first six months of this year 5748 gold, silver, and Nickel Watches, and other articles of Jewellery. These figures have been proved and are guaranteed correct—acknowledgments can be sent at our offices.

Send us 1/3 for a trial tube containing 40 pills (1/4 for postage) and you will receive same, together with the PRESENTATION WATCH offer by return of post.

GOULD'S GOLDEN PILL CO.,
(No. 1 Dept.), 18, RANELAGH ROAD,
PADDOCKTON, LONDON, W.

NON-TREAD
OVER BOOT
CO., Ltd.
Registered No. 194992.

Joint Sunk for
Ball of Big Toe
giving imme-
diate com-
fort from the
first
moment of
wearing.

12/6

THE

EVERLASTING HEEL.

Invaluable for Ladies' Louis
Heels. Sent Carriage Paid on
receipt of 1/- Men's Sizes,
1/3 per pair.

NO MORE

REPAIRING

EVER NEEDED.

12/6

SEALSKIN Jacket for 45 15s.—Lady leaving for Colonies
must sell elegant new fashionable cashmere jacket;
jacket; approval.—Chaperone, 29, Holland-st., S.W.

SMART Day and Evening Gowns, Furs, Millinery, etc., only
slightly worn; great bargains.—Simion, 11, Radway-st.,
Tottenham Court-rd.

WONDERFUL Value.—48in. Vienna Costume Cloth, 1s. 3d.
yard; Hopack 1s. 9d. yard; all colours; patterns free;
great presents to all customers.—Manchester Warehouse
Co., York-pl., Leeds.

THE J. LITANAR

Non-Tread Over Boot.

THE LEADING BOOT OF THE TIMES.

On the grandest variety of Up-to-date Models in the
World. Lasting as long again as the old style.
Many lines fitted with the

GREAT MONEY-SAVER,
THE EVERLASTING HEEL (Patent No. 23019).

Sample Pair, whole-golosh, Genuine Welton, box-calf,
Lace or Button, in any leather, Summer or Winter
stance Sole, 12s. 6d. With the everlasting heel is
extra. Send size required or old boot.

YOU STAND NO RISK. We will promptly return
your money if these boots are not 25 per cent. better than
any others on the market, and will willingly pay carriage
back if it does not meet with your full approval.

HEAD DEPOT:

33-37, South Arcade, Finsbury Pavement.
BRANCHES: 47 to 49, Old Broad Street,
E.C. 4; 72, Fleet Street, E.C. 4; 81, London Street,
E.C. 4; 94, Eastcheap, E.C. 3; 99, Eldon
Street, E.C. 4; 196, Aldersgate Street,
E.C. 4; 284, High Holborn, W.C. 7;
Green Street, W. 11; Victoria Street,
S.W. 1; Tower Chambers, London
Wall, E.C. 3; and 10, East St., Brighton.
Factories: London and Northampton.

A.—Art Canoe Baby's Mail Cart; gondola shape; very hand-
some design; owner will sacrifice high-class carriage
35s. 6d. carriage paid; 3 positions; quite new; approval
before payment; photo.—Pastor, 80, Brook-rd., Stoke
Newington.

A.—Art Canoe Baby's Mailcart.—Lady will sacrifice high-class
carriage; elegant design; silver-plated fittings; 3 posi-
tions; quite new; accept 35s. carriage paid; approval
before payment; photo.—Rev., 58, Wells-st., Oxford-st.,
London, W.

Delicious

PLASMON COCOA

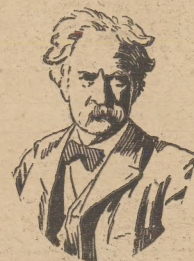
NOURISHES, Warms, STRENGTHENS.

The "LANCET" says:

"Plasmon Cocoa contains all the constituents able to support life, it is mildly stimulating whilst highly nourishing." One Cup of Plasmon Cocoa contains more nourishment than 10 Cups of any ordinary cocoa and is absolutely free from chemicals and added starchy matter.

MARK TWAIN writes:

"The only needful thing is to get Plasmon into the stomach—dissolved, or in clods, or pertified, or any way, so it gets there. I had an eight years' persistent dispute with dyspepsia, but when visiting England, my doctor ordered Plasmon to be added to my other food, and I have had no return of it since."



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Cookery Book Sent Post Free for 2 Pennies.

PLASMON, Ltd. (Contractors to H.M. Government), Farrington Street, London.

2s. per Pair.—Genuine Police and Army Trousers; grand for work or evenings; carriage 6d.—V. Harrow and Co., 61b, Bruce Castle-rd., Tottenham.

2s. 6d. Deposit—secure smart Overcoat or Suit from 50s.; West End cutters; latest design.—T. Russell and Co., 127, Finchchurch-st., and 59, Chesapeake (corner Bow-lane). All transactions confidential.

2s. 6d. Down will secure you fashionable Overcoat or Suit to measure.—Booth and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 64, Chesapeake and 286, Edgeware-rd.

Articles for Disposal.

A.—Bargain.—Sheffield Table Cutlery service, 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pale carvers, and steel, Crayford ivory balanced handles, unpolished 10s. 6d.; approval.—Matrix, Pools, Fleet-st., London.

A full-size dark oak Billiard Table to be sold cheap; excellent condition.—April 24, 88, George-st., Finsbury, E.W.

ALL Marriages made a Success on easy terms by the use of our lucky 22s. gold wedding rings and solid gold keepers for 33s. 6d. per pair; watches, clocks, cutlery, and jewellery delivered on small deposit; balance monthly; illustrations post free.—Write Dept. 162, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

BABY-CARS, direct from factory, on approval, carriage paid; we save you 6s. in the 61; cash or easy payments to measure.—Booth and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 64, Chesapeake and 286, Edgeware-rd.

BILLIARD Tables, new and second-hand, bargains; 50s. to 275; best make; approval, carriage paid, cash or easy terms; catalogues free.—Empire Billiard Company, 758, Old Kent-rd., London.

A.A.A.—Pawnbrokers' Clearance Sale.—Full List Post Free on Application.

GENT'S 18-carat gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also 18-carat gold stamped filled double curb Albert, also attached, guaranteed 15 years' wear; 2 together, sacrifice 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S 18-carat gold-cased Keyless Watch, jewelled, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold stamped filled elegant design; guaranteed 15 years' wear; 2 together, sacrifice 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

SHEPHERD Table Cutlery; 12 table 12 dessert knives, carvers and steel, Crayford ivory balanced handles; unpolished 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S solid gold stamped Keyless Watch, jewelled 10 years' warranty; richly engraved, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; wear's trial, sacrifice, 21s.; approval before payment.

CURB Chain Padlock Bracelet, 18-carat gold stamped filled, in velvet case, 6s. 6d.; another, heavier quality, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LOVELY real Russian Sable fur-collar rich and lustrous long Stole or Fur Necklet, with handsome Muff to match; sacrifice, 40s.; approval before payment.

HANDSOME Long Neck Chain, 18-carat gold stamped filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S Diamond Heart Locket, takes two photos, real diamond in centre; necklet attached; genuine 18ct. gold stamped filled, in velvet case; sacrifice, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

O. DAVIS, Pawnbroker, 28, Denmark-hill, Camberwell, London.

BAGATELLE, mahogany 80c. folding; absolutely perfect; 50s.—Write 43, Marlborough, Thornton Heath.

BLANKETS, Quiltas, Shirts, Bed-wear, and Drapery of every description delivered on small deposit; balance 1s. weekly; cash or easy terms; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.—Write Dept. 111, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress": 57 edition; printed by Moxley, 7107.—Write 1924, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

CHINA and Earthenware seconds, china Cups, Saucers, Bowls, Plates, Jugs, etc., all in gold decoration, 1s. 1d. per set; handsome sets of 12 pieces, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.—Write Dept. 111, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

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FISH Knives and Forks; elegant case, 6 pairs, finest quality; only 8s. 6d.; approval.—T. 17, Balham-hill, S.W.

FOR Daily Long Evenings.—Portraits without camera; smallest equipment for oil and water colour painting; complete.—"The Schemograph," 244, High Holborn, W.C.

FREE, receipt 6d. lovely Jewellery Ring stamped.—Adamson's, 13, Maresfield-rd., Colchester, Essex.

FURNITURE.—Rich Saddle-bag Suite, large handsome Carpet, Rug, heavy Table and Vase, only 9s. 10s. or 2s. 6d. per week; Broadwood Piano, 45.—See these, Hine, 97, Wincoburn-rd., Stoke Newington.

LADIES' sterling silver Hair Brushes (half marked), 12s. 6d. per pair; approval.—F. E. Elkington, Manufacturing Silversmith, Sheffield.

LADY sacrifices two real 18-carat gold-cased Orient diamond Rings; 2d. the two; approval.—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Ealing Dean, Middlesex.

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Exclusive series of Art direct from publishers at half retail prices. Thousands of NEW DESIGNS now ready. Lovely colour and process work. All at 1s. 6d. per dozen. 12 Society Christmas Cards with silk work. Very smart 1/- 2s. Daint. 12 Postcards. The latest 1/- 2s. Choice 12 Postcards. The latest 1/- 2s. Highest quality postcards. 12 Postcards. 12 Postcards. Japanese Comets, etc., 1/- 2s. Or on terms 1/- 2s. All at 1s. 6d. per dozen. Write for list. Central Card Agency, 99-101, Goswell-rd., London, E.C.

PHOTO Postcards of yourself, 10 for 1s.; samples free.—L. Vernon, Marlborough, West Derby.

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